

C H R I S T ' s

V I C T O R Y

A N D

T R I U M P H.

C. H. R. I. S. T. S.

V. I. C. T. O. R. Y.



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Printed

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CHRIST'S VICTORY

I N

HEAVEN, and on EARTH;

A N D

T R I U M P H

O V E R, and A F T E R D E A T H.

A P O E M,

I N F O U R P A R T S.

By GILES FLETCHER.

—————In his blest *Life*,
I see the *Path*, and in his *Death*, the *Price*,
And in his great *Ascent*, the *Proof* supreme
Of Immortality.—And did he rise?
Hear, O ye Nations! hear it, O ye Dead!
He rose! He rose! He burst the Bars of Death.

The Theme, the Joy, how then shall *Man* sustain?
Oh the burst Gates! crush'd Sting! demolish'd Throne!
Last Gasp! of vanquish'd Death. Shout Earth and Heaven!
This *Sum of Good* to Man.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

A N E W E D I T I O N,

Corrected and Revised; with an Introduction and additional Notes by
the EDITOR.

L O N D O N:

Printed by FRYS and COUCHMAN, Worship-Street, Upper-Moorfields.

M D C C L X X I I I.



A N
I N T R O D U C T I O N
TO THE NEW EDITION OF THE
S C R I P T U R A L P O E M,
E N T I T L E D
C H R I S T ' S V I C T O R Y, &c.

A GAIN this Work appears, and courts anew
Th' attentive Ear of the Judicious Few,
Who pious Sentiments in Verse admire,
And Sacred Truths, which noblest Thoughts inspire :
Thus for his Theme, this Author wisely took
The highest Subject of that blessed Book *,
Whence we our Faith, and Hope, and Joy obtain :
(Alas, that any shou'd that Book disdain !)

Well hath the Poet shew'n th' amazing Plan
Of LOVE DIVINE ! to rescue fallen Man ;
When *Justice* from her Throne began to rise,
And threaten Vengeance from the angry Skies !
But *Mercy*, soon her Voice did interpose,
To plead for him, who 'gainst his MAKER rose.
Justice the Honour of the *Law* maintains ;
And CHRIST in Heav'n the glorious *Vict'ry* gains !

* The Bible.

Who in due Time descending from Above,
 Doth in our Nature further *Conquests* prove :
 Born of a Virgin :—wholly free from Sin,
 See him on Earth his mighty Acts begin.
 To a waste Desert by the SPIRIT led,
 Where savage Beasts a deadly Terror spread ;
 Here forty Days he fasting did abide,
 While him with guileful Baits the *Tempter* try'd :
 But well the SAVIOUR that Deceiver knew,
 And all his dire Designs he overthrew.
 Now midst unnumber'd Throngs does CHRIST appear ;
 And makes the Blind to see, the Deaf to hear.
 Tho' other wondrous Deeds his Pow'r effect,
 Yet all his Miracles the *Jews* reject ;
 Nor will his GODHEAD own, nor him confess
 As the MESSIAH, born their Race to bless :
 Lo ! *Priests* and *Elders* wickedly combine ;
 Nor less than Murder is their black Design :
 Yea, all the Multitude together, cry
Barabbas spare, but *Jesus* crucify !
 Thus he to Death submits :—but, therein *we*
 The awful Price of our Redemption see !
 “ Strange *Conquest*, where the *Conqueror* must die,
 “ And he is slain who wins the *Victory*.”
 And yet another *Conquest* he must gain,
 Or all our Faith, and highest Hopes are vain.
 Low in the Earth those precious Spoils are laid ;
 The GREAT REDEEMER'S number'd with the Dead !
 His Enemies now thought themselves secure ;
 A Watch they set, and Sepulchre made *sure* :

But,

INTRODUCTION.

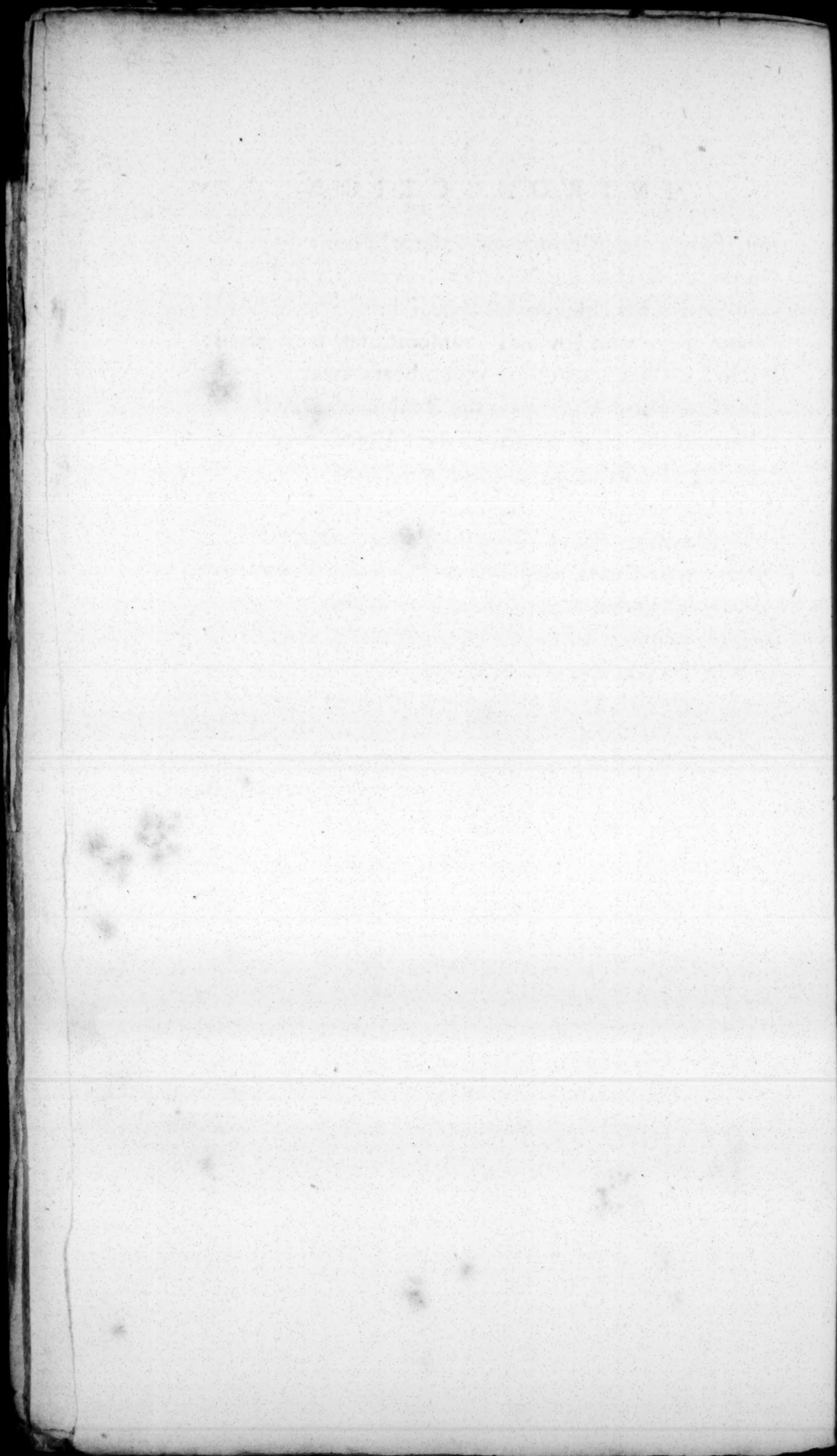
v

But, short's the Triumph of Infernal Foes ;
On the third Day the MIGHTY SAVIOUR rose !
And soon to his Disciples he appear'd ;
Whom they, with Joy and Transport, saw and heard :
But lo ! a Cloud descends, which bears away
The GLORIOUS VICTOR to the Realms of Day !
Where all the Heav'nly Hosts their Voices raise,
And sing His Triumphs in Immortal Lays !

Ye mourning Saints, sojourning here below,
Dry up your Tears, and for your Comfort know,
HE who ascended thus to Worlds on high,
Regards you ever with a Gracious Eye :
Who in like Manner will return again,
When you with HIM Eternally shall reign.

P. B.

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DEDICATION,

By the AUTHOR.

*To the RIGHT WORSHIPFUL and REV. DR. NEVYLE,
DEAN of CANTERBURY, and MASTER of TRINITY
COLLEGE, Cambridge.*

Right worthy and Rev. Sir,

AS I have always thought the place wherein I live, after heaven, principally to be desired, both because I most want, and it most abounds in wisdom; which is fled by some with as much delight, as it is obtained by others, and ought to be followed by all: so I cannot but next unto God, for ever acknowledge myself most bound unto the hand of God (I mean yourself) that reached down, as it were, out of heaven, unto me, a benefit of that nature, and price, than which, I could wish none (only heaven itself excepted) either more fruitful, and contenting for the time that is now present, or more comfortable and encouraging for the time that is yet to come.

For as in all men's judgments (that have any judgment) *Europe* is worthily deemed the queen of the world; that garland both of learning and pure religion, being now become her crown, and blossoming upon her head, that hath long since been withered in *Greece* and *Palestine*; so my opinion of this island hath always been

been, that it is the very face, and beauty of all *Europe*: in which both true religion is faithfully professed without superstition, and (if on earth) true learning sweetly flourisheth without ostentation: and what are the two eyes of this land, but the two *Universities*; which cannot but prosper in the time of such a prince, that is a prince of learning, as well as of people: and truly I should forget myself, if I should not call Cambridge the right eye: and I think (King Henry VIII. being the uniter, Edward III. the founder, and yourself the repairer, of this college wherein I live) none will blame me, if I esteem the same, since your polishing of it, the fairest sight in *Cambridge*: in which being placed by your favour only, most freely, without either any means from other, or any desert in myself, being not able to do more, I could do no less, than acknowledge that debt, which I shall never be able to pay; and with old *Silenus*, in the Poet (upon whom the boys—*injiciunt ipsis ex vincula fertis*, making his garland his fetters) finding myself bound unto you by so many benefits, that were given by yourself for ornaments, but are to me as so many golden chains to hold me fast in a kind of desired bondage, seek (as he doth) my freedom with a song, the matter whereof is as worthy the sweetest singer, as myself the miserable singer, unworthy so divine a subject: but the same favour that before rewarded no desert, knows now as well how to pardon all faults; than which indulgence, when I regard myself, I can wish no more; when I remember you, I can hope no less.

So

DEDICATION.

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So commending these few broken lines unto yours, and yourself into the hands of the best phyfician, *Jefus Chrift*, with whom the moft ill-affected man in the midft of his ficknefs is in good health, and without whom, the moft lufty body, in his greateft jollity, is but a languifhing carcafe, I humbly take my leave, ending with the fame wifh, that your devoted obferver, and my approved friend doth, in his verfes prefently fequent *, that your paffage to heaven may be flow to us, that fhall want you here, but to yourfelf that cannot want us there, moft fecure and certain.

Your *Worship's*,

In all Duty and Service,

GILES FLETCHER.

* The following verfes,

B

THOMAS

THOMAS NEVYLE,
MOST HEAVENLY.

AS when the captain of the heav'nly host,
Or else that glorious army doth appear,
In waters drown'd with surging billows tost,
We know they are not, where we see they are;
We see them in the deep, we see them move,
We know they fixed are in heav'n above:

So did the Sun of righteousness come down,
Clouded in flesh, and seemed in the deep:
So do the many waters seem to drown
The stars, his saints, and they on earth to keep;
And yet this Sun from heaven never fell,
And yet these earthly stars in heaven dwell.

What if their souls be into prison cast
In earthly bodies? yet they long for heaven:
What if this worldly sea they have not past?
Yet fain they wou'd be brought into their haven:
They are not here, and yet we here them see,
For ev'ry one is there, where he wou'd be.

Long may you wish, and yet long wish in vain,
Hence to depart, and yet that wish obtain.
Long may you here in heav'n, on earth remain,
And yet a heav'n in heav'n hereafter gain:
Go you to heav'n, but yet oh make no haste,
Go slowly, slowly, but yet go at last.

But when the *Nightingale* so near doth fit,
Silence the *Titmouse* better may besit.

F. NETHERSOLE.

TO THE
AUTHOR OF THE POEM
CALLED
CHRIST'S VICTORY, &c.

FOND lads! that spend so fast your posting time,
(Too posting time, that spends your time as fast)
To chant light toys, or frame some wanton rhyme
Where idle boys may glut their lustful taste;
Or else with praise to clothe some fleshly slime
With virgin's roses, and fair lilies chaste;
While itching bloods, and youthful ears adore it;
But wiser men, and once yourselves will most abhor it.

But thou (most near, most dear) in this of thine,
Hast prov'd the muses not to Venus bound,
Such as thy matter, such thy muse divine:
Or thou such grace with MERCY'S self hast found,
That she herself deigns in thy leaves to shine:
Or stol'n from heav'n thou brought'st this verse to ground,
Which frights the stupid soul with fearful thunder;
And soon with honey'd dews melts it 'twixt joy and wonder.

Then do not thou malicious tongues esteem;
The glass through which an envious eye doth gaze,
Can eas'ly make a molehill, mountains seem!
His Praise dispraises, his Dispraises praise:
Enough, if best men, best thy labours deem,
And to the highest pitch thy merit raise;
Whilst all the muses to thy song decree
VICTORIOUS TRIUMPH, TRIUMPHANT VICTORY!

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

ADDITIONAL

FOR THE

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PART I.

CHRIST'S VICTORY

IN HEAVEN.

I.

THE birth ^a of HIM who no beginning knew,
Yet gives beginning to all that are born;
And how the INFINITE far greater grew,
By growing less; and how the rising morn
Which sprang from heav'n, did back to heav'n return!
The obsequies of HIM who cou'd not die;
And death of life, end of eternity;
How worthily HE died, who died unworthily:

II.

How God and man, did both embrace each other,
Met in one person, heav'n and earth did kiss;
And how a virgin did become a mother,
And bear that SON, who the world's Father is;
And Maker of his mother; and how Bliss
Descended from the presence of the HIGH,
To clothe himself in naked misery;
Rising at length to heav'n, in earth^b triumphantly,

^a The argument propounded in general: our redemption by Christ.

^b In man's nature.

III.

III.

Is the first theme, wherewith my purer muse
 Doth burn in heav'nly love, such love to tell.
 O THOU^c, who didst this holy fire infuse!
 And taught'st this breast, but late the grave of hell
 Wherein a blind and dead heart liv'd; to swell
 With better thoughts; send down those lights, that lend
 Knowledge, how to begin, and how to end,
 The love that never was, nor ever can be pen'd.

IV.

Ye Sacred Writings! in whose antique leaves
 The wondrous deeds of heav'n recorded lie;
 Say, what might be the cause, that MERCY heaves
 The dust of sin above the starry sky,
 And lets it not to dust and ashes fly?
 Cou'd JUSTICE be of sin so over-woo'd,
 Or so great ill, be cause of so great good,
 That bloody man to save, man's SAVIOUR shed his blood?

V.

Or did the lips of MERCY drop soft speech^d
 For trait'rous man, when at th' eternal's throne,
 Incens'd *Nemesis*^e did heaven beseech
 With thund'ring voice, that vengeance might be shown
 Against the rebels, that from God were flown;
 O say! say how cou'd MERCY plead for those,
 Who scarcely made, against their Maker rose?
 Will any slay his friend, that he may spare his foes?

VI.

There is a place beyond that flaming hill,
 From whence the stars their thin appearance shed,
 A place, beyond all place, where never ill,
 Nor impure thought was ever harboured;

^c The author's invocation, for the better handling of it.

^d The argument, man's redemption, expounded from the cause, MERCY.

^e According to heathen mythology, the goddess of revenge.

But

But faintly heroes are for ever said
 To keep an everlasting sabbath's rest,
 Still wishing that, of which they're still possess;
 Enjoying but one joy, but one of all joys best.

VII.

Here, when the ruin of that beaut'ous frame^f,
 Whose golden building shin'd with ev'ry star
 Of excellence, deform'd with sin became;
 MERCY^g rememb'ring peace in midst of war,
 Lift up the musick of her voice, to bar
 Eternal fate, lest it shou'd quite erase
 That from the world, which was the first world's grace,
 And all again into their nothing, *Chaos*, chase.

VIII.

For what had all this *All*, which man in one,
 Did not unite; the earth, air, water, fire,
 Life, sense, and spirit; nay the pow'rful throne
 Of the Divinest Essence did retire,
 And his own Image into clay inspire:
 So that this creature well might called be,
 Of the great world, the small epitome;
 Of the dead world, the life, and quick anatomy.

IX.

But, JUSTICE had no sooner MERCY seen,
 Smoothing the wrinkles of her father's brow;
 But up she starts, and throws herself between:
 So when a vapour from a moory slough,
 Meeting the star of morn (that hath but now
 Open'd the world, which all in darkness lay)
 Doth heav'ns bright face of his rays disarray,
 And damps the smiling orient of the springing day.

^f Man being considered as the noblest part of the creation.

^g Pleading for man, now guilty.

X.

She was a VIRGIN of austere regard;
 Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind;
 But as the eagle, which hath oft compar'd
 Her eye with heav'n's, so, and more brightly shin'd
 Her piercing sight: for she each wish cou'd find
 Within the solid heart; and with her ears,
 The silence of the thought, loud speaking hears.
 And in one hand a pair of even scales she bears.

XI.

No riot of affection revel kept
 Within her breast; but a still apathy
 Possessed all her soul; which softly slept
 Securely without tempest; no sad cry
 Awakes her pity, but wrong'd poverty
 Lifting his eyes to heav'n, swimming in tears,
 With hideous clamours ever struck her ears,
 Whetting the blazing sword, that in her hand appears.

XII.

The forked lightning ^h is her *Mercury*,
 And round about her mighty thunders found:
 Impatient of himself lies pining by
 Pale sickness, with his head in kerchief bound;
 And thousand noisome plagues attend her round:
 But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul,
 The flints do melt, and rocks to water roll,
 And lofty mountains shake, and frighten'd spectres howl.

XIII.

Famine; and meagre care; and bloody war;
 Want; and the want of knowledge how to use
 Abundance;—age, and fear that runs afar
 Before his fellow grief, that aye ⁱ pursues

^h The retinue of justice.ⁱ i. e. ever.

His winged steps ;—for who wou'd not refuse
 Grief's company, a dull, and raw-bon'd spright,
 That shrinks the cheeks, and palls the freshest sight ;
 Unbosoming the cheerful breast of all delight.

XIV.

Before this cursed throng goes ignorance,
 That needs will lead the way he cannot see ;
 And after all, death doth his flag advance ;
 And in the midst strife still wou'd hurtful be,
 Whose ragged flesh, and clothes did well agree ;
 And round about amazed horror flies ;
 And over all, shame veils his guilty eyes ;
 And underneath, hell's hungry throat still yawning lies.

XV.

Upon two ^k stony tables spread before her,
 She lean'd her bosom, more than stony hard ;
 There slept th' impartial judge, and strict restorer
 Of wrong, or right, with pain, or with reward ;
 There hung the score of all our debts ; the card
 Where good and bad, and life and death were painted :
 Never was heart of mortal so untainted,
 But when that scroll was read, with thousand terrors fainted.

XVI.

Witness the thunder that mount *Sinai* shook,
 When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame ;
 And wond'ring *Israel* cou'd no longer look ;
 But blind with seeing, durst not touch the same ;
 And like a wood of shaking leaves became :
 On this, dread JUSTICE ! she, the living law,
 Bowing herself with a majestic awe,
 All heav'n, to hear her speech, did into silence draw.

* Her subject, the moral law, which was written on tables of stone.

XVII.

Dread LORD¹ of spirits! well thou didst devise
 To fling the world's rude dunghill and the dross
 Of the old *Chaos*, furthest from the skies
 And thine own feat; that here the child of loss,
 Of all the lower heav'n the curse and cross,
 That wretch, beast, caitiff, monster man, might spend,
 (Proud of the mire in which his soul is penn'd)
 Clodded in lumps of clay, his weary life to end.

XVIII.

His body dust: where grew such cause of pride^m?
 His soul thy image: what cou'd he envy?
 Himself most happy, if he so wou'd 'bide:
 Now grown so wretched, who can remedy?
 He slew himself, himself the enemy:
 That his own soul wou'd his own murder wreak,
 If I were silent, heav'n and earth wou'd speak;
 And if all fail'd, these stones wou'd into clamours break.

XIX.

How many darts made furrows in his side,
 When she that out of his own side was made,
 Gave feathers to their flight?—Where was the pride
 Of their new knowledge? whither did it fade,
 When running from thy voice into the shade,
 He fled thy sight, himself of sight bereav'd;
 And for his shield a leafy armour weav'd, [ceiv'd?
 With which, vain man! he thought God's eyes to have de-

XX.

Yet well he might delude those eyes, that see,
 And judge by colours:—for who ever saw
 A man of leaves, a reasonable tree?
 But those that from this stock their lives did draw,

¹ Her accusation of man's sin.^m And first, of Adam's sin.

Soonⁿ made their father *godly*, and by law
 Proclaimed trees Almighty :—gods of wood,
 Of stocks, and stones with crowns of laurel stood,
 Templed, and fed by fathers with their children's blood.

XXI.

The sparkling fanes, that burn in beaten gold,
 And, like the stars of heav'n in midst of night,
 Black *Egypt*, as her mirrors doth behold ;
 Are but the dens where idol snakes delight
 Again to cover *Satan* from their fight :
 Yet these are all their gods ; with whom they vie
 The crocodile, the cock, the rat, the fly :
 Fit gods indeed, for such men to be served by.

XXII.

The fire, the wind, the sea, the sun, and moon ;
 The flitting air, and the swift-flying hours ;
 And all the watchmen, that so nimbly run,
 And centinel about the walled tow'rs
 Of the world's city, in their heav'nly bow'rs ;
 And lest their pleasant gods shou'd want delight,
Neptune casts forth the lady *Aphrodite* ;
 And but in heav'n, proud *Juno's* peacocks scorn to light.

XXIII.

The senseless earth, the serpent, dog, and cat ;
 And worse than all these, man, and worst of men
 Usurping *Jove*, and swilling *Bacchus* fat,
 And drunk with the vines purple blood ; and then
 The *Fiend* himself they conjure from his den,
 Because he only yet remain'd to be
 Worse than the worst of men :—they fly from THEE ;
 And wear his altar stones out with their pliant knee.

ⁿ Then of his posterity's, in all kinds of idolatry.

XXIV.

But let him in his cavern restless rest ;
 The dungeon of dark flames, and scorching fire :
 JUSTICE in heav'n against man makes request
 To God, and of his angels doth require
 Sin's punishment :—If what I did desire,
 Or who, or against whom, or why, or where,
 Of, or before whom ignorant I were,
 Then shou'd my speech, their sands of sins to mountains rear.

XXV.

Were not the heav'ns pure, in whose courts I sue ;
 The judge, to whom I sue, just to requite him ;
 The cause for sin, the punishment most due ;
 Justice herself, the plaintiff to indite him ;
 The angels holy, before whom I cite him ;
He against whom, wicked, unjust, impure :
 Then might he sinful live and die secure,
 Or trial might escape, or trial might endure.

XXVI.

The judge might partial be, and over-pray'd ;
 The place appeal'd from, in whose courts he sues ;
 The fault excus'd, or punishment delay'd ;
 The party's self accus'd, that did accuse ;
 Angels for pardon might their prayers use :
 But now no star can shine, no hope be got ;
 Most wretched creature if he knew his lot ;
 And yet, more wretched far, because he knows it not ° !

XXVII.

What shou'd I tell, how barren earth is grown,
 And that to starve her children ? Didst not THOU
 Water with heav'nly show'rs her womb unsown,
 And drop down clouds of flow'rs ; didst THOU not bow

° An awful effect of sin ; which renders the sinner totally blind to his miserable condition.

Thine easy ear unto the ploughman's vow :
 Long might he look, and look, and long in vain,
 Might load his harvest in an empty wain,
 And beat the woods to find the poor oak's hungry grain.

XXVIII.

The swelling sea seeths in his angry waves,
 And finites the earth that dares the traitors nourish :
 Yet oft his tempests their light bark outbraves ;
 Ranging the mountains, on whose sides do flourish
 Whole woods of garlands ; and their pride to cherish,
 Plough through the sea's green fields, and nets display
 To catch the flying winds, and steal away,
 Coz'ning the greedy sea, pris'ning their nimble prey.

XXIX.

Who makes the sources of the silver fountains,
 From the flint's mouth, and rocky vallies glide,
 Thick'ning the airy bowels of the mountains ?
 Who hath the wild herds of the forest ty'd
 In their cold dens, making them hungry bide
 Till man to rest be laid ?—Can beastly he,
 That shou'd have most sense, only senseless be ;
 And all things else, save he himself, so awful see.

XXX.

Were he not wilder than the savage beast ;
 Preuder than haughty hills, harder than rocks ;
 Colder than fountains from their springs releast ;
 Lighter than air, more blind than senseless stocks ;
 More changing than the rivers curling locks :
 If reason wou'd not, sense wou'd soon reprove ^P him,
 And unto shame, if not to sorrow move him,
 To see cold floods, wild beasts, dull stocks, hard stones out-
 love him.

^P For his ingratitude.

XXXI.

XXXI.

Under the weight of sin the earth did fall,
 And swallow'd *Dathan*;—and the raging wind,
 And stormy sea, and gaping whale, did call
 For *Jonas*;—and the air did bullets find,
 And shot from heav'n a stony show'r to grind
 The five proud kings, that for their idols fought;
 The sun itself stood still to fight it out;
 And fire from heav'n came down, when sin to heav'n did shout.

XXXII.

Shou'd any to himself for safety fly?
 The way to save himself (if any were)
 Is to fly from himself^a.—Should he rely
 Upon the promise of his wife? What there,
 What can he see, but that he most may fear,
 A firen, sweet to death?—Upon his friends?
 Who what he needs, or what he hath not lends;
 Or wanting aid himself, aid to another sends.

XXXIII.

His strength? 'Tis dust:—His pleasure? Cause of pain:
 His hope? False courtier:—Youth or beauty? Brittle:
 Intreaty? Fond:—Repentance? Late and vain:
 Just recompence? The world were all too little:
THY love? He hath no title to a tittle:
 Hell's force? In vain her furies hell shall gather:
 His servants, kinsmen, or his children rather?
 His child (if good) shall judge; (if bad) shall curse his father.

XXXIV.

His life? That brings him to his end, and leaves him:
 His end? That leaves him to begin his woe:
 His goods? What good in that which so deceives him:
 His gods of wood? Their feet alas! are slow

^a Being destitute of all hope, or any remedy.

To go to help, which must be help'd to go :
 Honours, great worth? Ah! little worth they be
 Unto their owners :—Wit? That makes him see,
 He wanted wit, who thought he had it, wanting THEE.

XXXV.

What need I urge^r, what they must needs confess?
 Sentence on them, condemn'd by their own lust;
 I crave no more, and THOU canst give no less,
 Than death to dead men, justice to unjust;
 Shame to most shameful, and most shameless dust :
 But if THY mercy needs will spare her friends,
 Let mercy there begin, where justice ends.
 'Tis cruel mercy, that the wrong from right defends.

XXXVI.

She ended^s, and the heav'nly hierarchies,
 Burning with zeal, now quickly marshall'd were;
 Like to an army that alarum cries,
 When ev'ry one doth shake his dreadful spear;
 And the Almighty's self, as he wou'd tear
 The earth and her firm basis quite asunder,
 Flam'd all in just revenge, and mighty thunder;
 Heav'n stole itself from earth, by clouds that gather'd under.

XXXVII.

As^t when the cheerful sun, light spreading wide,
 Glads all the world with his diffusive ray,
 And woo's the widow'd earth afresh, to pride
 And paint her bosom with the flow'ry May;
 His silent sister steals him quite away,
 Wrapt in a sable cloud, from mortal eyes,
 The hasty stars at noon begin to rise,
 And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies.

^r He can expect nothing but a fearful sentence.

^s Justice having ended her speech: the effect it had on the heavenly powers.

^t Appealed by mercy.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

But soon as he unclouded is again,
 Restoring the blind world his blemish'd sight,
 As tho' another day were now began;
 The cozen'd birds, industrious take their flight,
 And wonder at the shortness of the night:
 So MERCY once again herself displays
 Out from her sister's cloud, and open lays
 Those sunshine looks, whose beams wou'd dim a thousand days.

XXXIX.

How may a worm " that crawls along the dust,
 Ascend the azure mountains thrown so high,
 And bring from thence thy fair idea just,
 That in those bright abodes doth hidden lie;
 Cloth'd with such light as blinds the angel's eye:
 How may weak mortal ever hope to file
 His unsmooth tongue, and his so uncouth style?
 O! raise thou from his corpse, thy now entomb'd exile.

XL.

If any ask " why roses please the sight?
 Because their leaves upon thy cheeks do bow'r;
 If any ask why lilies are so white?
 Because their blossoms in thy hand do flow'r;
 Or why sweet plants such grateful odours show'r?
 It is because thy breath so like they be;
 Or why the *Orient* sun so bright we see?
 What reason can we give, but from thine eyes and thee.

XLI.

Ros'd all in lively crimson are thy cheeks,
 Where beauties ever flourishing abide;
 And as to pass his fellow either seeks
 Both seem to blush at one another's pride:

" Our inability to describe this glorious attribute.

" Her beauty resembled by the creatures, which are all but frail shadows of her
 perfections.

And

And on thine eyelids, waiting thee beside,
 Ten thousand graces * fit, and when they move
 To earth, their looks so beaut'ous, from above,
 They fly from heav'n, and on their wings convey thy love.

XLII.

As melting honey †, dropping from the comb,
 Distill the words that spring between thy lips;
 Thy lips, where smiling sweetness keeps her home,
 And heav'nly eloquence pure manna sips:
 He, that his pen but in that fountain dips,
 How nimbly will the golden phrases fly;
 And send forth strains of choicest poesy,
 That captivate the ear with their sweet harmony.

XLIII.

Like as the thirsty land, in summer's heat,
 Calls to the clouds, and opes at every show'r,
 As though her hungry clefts all heav'n wou'd eat;
 Which if High God into her bosom pour,
 Though much refresh'd, yet more she cou'd devour:
 So angels greed'ly hear those words so sweet,
 And every breath, a thousand longing meet;
 Some flying in, some out, and all about her fleet.

XLIV.

Upon her breast, delight doth softly sleep,
 And with eternal joy is nourished;
 Those snowy mountainets, through which do creep
 The milky rivers, that are inly bred
 In silver cisterns, and themselves do shed
 On weary travellers in heat of day,
 To quench their fiery thirst, and to allay
 With dropping *Nectar* floods the hardships of their way.

* Her attendants.

† Her persuasive power.

XLV.

If ^z any wander, thou dost call him back;
 If any be not forward, thou incit'st him;
 Thou dost expect, if any shou'd grow slack;
 If any seem but willing, thou invit'st him;
 Or if he do offend thee, thou acquitt'st him;
 Thou find'st the lost, and follow'st him that flies;
 Healing the sick, and quick'ning him that dies;
 Thou art the lame man's friendly staff, the blind man's eyes.

XLVI.

So fair thou art, that all wou'd thee behold;
 But, none can thee behold, thou art so fair:
 Pardon, O pardon then thy vassal bold!
 That with poor shadows striveth to compare,
 And match the things which he knows matchless are:
 O thou bright mirror of celestial grace!
 How can frail colours, e'er portray thy face,
 Or paint in flesh thy beauty, in such semblance base?

XLVII.

Her upper garment ^a was a silken lawn,
 Richly with needle-work embroidered;
 Which she herself, with her own hand had drawn;
 And all the world therein had portrayed,
 With threads so fresh and lively coloured,
 As if the world she new-created there;
 And the mistaken eye wou'd rashly swear,
 The silken trees did grow, and the beasts living were.

XLVIII.

Low ^b at her feet the earth was cast alone,
 (As tho' to kiss her foot it did aspire,
 And gave itself for her to tread upon)
 With so unlike and different attire,

^z Her kind offices to man.^a Her dress composed of all the creatures.^b Earth.

That every one who saw it, did admire
 What it might be, was of such various hue;
 For to itself, it oft so diverse grew,
 That still it seem'd the same, and still it seem'd anew.

XLIX.

And here and there few men she scattered,
 (Who in their thoughts the world esteem but small,
 And themselves great) but she with one fine thread
 So short, and small, and slender wove them all,
 That like a sort of busy ants that crawl
 About some molehill, so they wandered;
 And round about the waving sea was shed:
 But for the silver sands, small pearls were there sprinkled.

L.

So curiously the under-work^c did creep;
 And curling circlets so well shadow'd lay,
 That afar off the waters seem'd to sleep;
 But those that near the margin pearls did play,
 Hoarsely enwaved were with hasty sway;
 As tho' they meant to lull the gentle ear,
 And hush the former that enlumber'd were;
 And here a dang'rous rock the flying ships did fear.

LI.

High^d in the airy element was hung
 Another cloudy sea, that did disdain
 (As tho' his purer waves from heaven sprung)
 To crawl on earth as doth the sluggish main:
 But it, the ground wou'd water with his rain,
 That ebb'd, and flow'd, as wind, and season would;
 And oft the sun wou'd cleave the limber mould
 To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.

^c Sea.^d Air.

LII.

Beneath those sunny banks, a darker cloud
 Dropping with thicker dew did melt apace,
 And bent itself into a hollow shroud;
 On which if MERCY did but cast her face,
 A thousand colours did the bow enchain;
 That wondrous 'twas to see the silk distain'd,
 With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd;
 And *Iris* paint her locks with beams so lively feign'd.

LIII.

About her head a *Cyprus* wreath* she wore,
 Spread like a veil upheld with silver wire;
 In which the stars so burn'd in golden ore,
 As if the azure web was all on fire;
 But hastily to quench their sparkling ire,
 A flood of milk came rolling up the shore,
 That on his curdled wave swift *Argus* bore;
 And the immortal *Swan* that did her life deplore.

LIV.

Yet strange it was so many stars to see
 Without a sun, to give their tapers light:
 Yet strange it was not, that it so shou'd be:
 For where the sun centers himself by right,
 Her face and locks did flame; that at the sight,
 The heav'nly veil, that else wou'd quickly move,
 Forgot his flight, and all inflam'd with love,
 With wonder and amazement, did her beauty prove.

LV.

Over her hung a canopy of state†;
 Not of rich tiffue, nor of spangled gold;
 But of a substance, tho' not animate,
 Yet of a heav'nly, and spiritual mould,

* The celestial bodies.

† The third heaven.

That only eyes of spirits might behold ;
 Such light as from vast rocks of diamond,
 Shooting their sparks at *Phabus*, wou'd rebound ;
 And little angels holding hands danc'd all around.

LVI.

It seem'd those little sprights, so swift and bold,
 The stately canopy bore on their wings :
 But them itself, as pendants did uphold ;
 Besides the crowns of many famous kings ;
 Amongst the rest there *David* ever sings ;
 And now, with years grown young, renews his lays
 Unto his golden harp ; and ditties plays,
 Psalming aloud in well-tun'd songs, his MAKER'S praise.

LVII.

Thou self-idea of all joys to come ;
 Whose love is such wou'd make the rudest speak ;
 Whose love is such, wou'd make the wisest dumb :
 O when wilt thou thy so long silence break,
 And overcome the strong to save the weak !
 If thou no weapons hast, thine eyes will wound
 Th' Almighty's self, that gaze upon the ground,
 As tho' some wondrous object there, did them confound.

LVIII.

Ah ! miserable abject^s of disgrace,
 What happiness is in thy misery ?
 I both must pity and envy thy case :
 For SHE who is the glory of the sky,
 Leaves heaven blind, to fix on thee her eye :
 Yet her (tho' MERCY's self esteems not small)
 The world despis'd ; they her *Repentance* call ;
 And she herself despises, and the world, and all.

^s Repentance.

LIX.

LIX.

Deeply, alas! empassioned she stood,
 To see a flaming brand, tost up from hell;
 Boiling her heart in her own lustful blood,
 That oft for torment she wou'd loudly yell;
 Now she wou'd fighting sit, and now she fell
 Crouching upon the ground in sackcloth vile;
 Early and late she pray'd, fasting the while;
 And her dishevel'd hair, ashes and dust defile.

LX.

Of all most hated, yet hated most of all
 Of her own self she was;—disconsolate
 (As though herself were making funeral
 For her poor ghost) she in an arbour sat
 Of thorny brier, weeping her cursed state;
 And her before a hasty river fled,
 Which her blind eyes with faithful penance fed;
 And all about, the grass with tears hung down its head.

LXI.

Her eyes, tho' blind abroad, at home kept fast;
 Inwards they turn'd, and look'd into her head,
 At which she often started as aghast,
 To see so fearful spectacles of dread;
 And with one hand her breast she martyred,
 Wounding her heart the same to mortify;
 The other a fair *Damsel*^h held her by,
 Which if but once let go, she sunk immediately.

LXII.

But *Faith* was quick, and swift as is the heav'n,
 As if of love, and life, she all had been;
 And tho' of present sight she was bereav'n,
 Yet, she cou'd see the things cou'd not be seen

^h Faith.

Beyond the stars, as nothing were between ;
 She fix'd her sight, disdaining things below ;
 Into the sea she cou'd a mountain throw,
 And make the sun to stand, and waters backward flow.

LXIII.

Such, when as MERCY, her beheld from high,
 In a dark valley drown'd with her own tears ;
 One of her graces she sent speedily,
 Smiling *Eirene*, who a garland wears
 Of gilded olive, on her fairer hairs,
 To crown the fainting souls true sacrifice ;
 Whom, when as sad *Repentance* coming spies,
 The holy *Desperado* wip'd her swollen eyes.

LXIV.

But MERCY felt a kind remorse to run
 Thro' her soft veins, and therefore moved fast
 To put an end to silence, thus begun ⁱ,
 Aye honoured FATHER, if no joy thou hast
 But to reward desert ; reward at last
 The Devil's voice, who spoke with serpent's tongue,
 (Meet to hiss out the words, so deadly stung)
 And let him die, death's bitter charms so sweetly sung.

LXV.

He was the father ^k of that hopeless season,
 When to serve other gods, men left their own ;
 The reason was, THOU wast above their reason :
 They wou'd have any gods, rather than none,
 A beastly serpent, or a senseless stone :
 And these as JUSTICE hates, so I deplore :
 But, the up-ploughed heart all rent and tore,
 Tho' wounded by itself, I gladly wou'd restore.

ⁱ Her deprecative speech for man, in which ^k she translates the principal fault unto the Devil.

LXVI.

He ¹ was but dust, why fear'd he not to fall?
 And being fall'n, how can he hope to live?
 Cannot the hand destroy him, that made all?
 Cou'd he not take away, as well as give?
 Shou'd man deprave, and shall not God deprive?
 Was it not all the world's deceiving spirit,
 (That, puffed up with pride of his own merit,
 Fell in his rise) that him of heav'n did disinherit.

LXVII.

He ^m was but dust: how cou'd he stand before him?
 And being fall'n, why shou'd he fear to die?
 Cannot the hand that made him first, restore him?
 Deprav'd by sin, shou'd he deprived lie
 Of grace?—Can he not hide infirmity,
 Who gave him strength? Unworthy the forsaking
 He is, who ever weighs, without mistaking,
 Or maker of the man, or manner of his making.

LXVIII.

Who shall bring incense to thy temple more?
 Or on thy altar crown the sacrifice;
 Or strew with idle flow'rs the hallow'd floor;
 Or why shou'd prayer deck with herbs and spice
 Her vials, breathing orisons of price?
 If ⁿ all must pay, that which all cannot pay?
 Oh! first begin with me, and MERCY slay,
 And thy thrice-honour'd SON, who now beneath doth stray.

LXIX.

But if, or HE, or I, may live, and speak;
 And heav'n rejoice to see a sinner weep,
 Oh! let not JUSTICE iron sceptre break
 A heart already broke, that low doth creep,

¹ Referring to justice's aggravation of man's sin. ^m Mitigates it first by a contrary inference. ⁿ By interesting herself in the cause of Christ.

And

And with humility her feet's dust doth sweep.
 Must all go by desert, is nothing free?
 Ah! if but those, who only worthy be;
 None shou'd thee ever see, none shou'd thee ever see.

LXX.

What hath man done, that MAN shall not undo;
 Since God to him is grown so near akin?
 Did his foe slay him?—He shall slay his foe:
 Hath he lost all?—He all again shall win:
 Is sin his master?—He shall master sin:
 Too hardy soul, with sin the field to try;
 The only way to conquer, was to fly:
 But thus long death hath liv'd, and now death's self shall die.

LXXI.

CHRIST is a path,—if any be misled;
 He is a robe,—if any naked be;
 If any chance to hunger,—he is bread;
 If any be a bondman,—he is free;
 If any be but weak,—how strong is he?
 To dead men, life he is;—to sick men, health;
 To blind men, sight; and to the needy, wealth;
 A pleasure without loss;—a treasure without stealth.

LXXII.

Who can forget? Never to be forgot,
 The time^p, that all the world in slumber lies;
 When like the stars, the singing angels shot
 To earth; and heav'n awaken'd all his eyes,
 To see another SUN, at midnight rise:
 On earth, was never fight of equal fame:
 For God before, man like himself did frame;
 But God himself, now like a mortal man became.

^a Christ being as sufficient to satisfy, as man was impotent.

^p Whom she celebrates from the time of his nativity.

LXXIII.

A child he was^{*}, and had not learnt to speak,
 Who with his word, the world before did make;
 His mother's arms him bore, he was so weak,
 Who with one hand the vaults of heav'n cou'd shake:
 See how small room my infant LORD doth take,
 Whom all the world is not enough to hold.
 Who of his years, or of his age hath told?
 Never such age so young, never a child so old.

LXXIV.

And yet but lately was this infant bred;
 And yet already he was fought to die;
 Yet scarcely born, already banished;
 Not able yet to go, and forc'd to fly;
 But scarcely fled away, when by and by,
 The tyrant's sword with blood is all defil'd;
 And *Rachel* for her sons, with fury wild,
 Cries, O thou cruel king! and O my sweetest child!

LXXV.

Egypt his nurse became, where *Nilus* springs;
 Who straight to entertain the rising SUN,
 The hasty harvest in his bosom brings:
 But now for drought the fields are all undone;
 And now with waters all is overrun;
 So fast the *Cynthian* mountains pour'd their snow,
 When once they felt the SUN so near them glow;
 That *Nilus*, *Egypt* lost, and to a sea did grow.

LXXVI.

The angels caroll'd loud their song of peace;
 The curst *Oracles* were all struck dumb;
 To see their SHEPHERD, the poor shepherds press;
 To see their KING, the kingly *Sophies* come,

* From the effects of it in himself.

And them to guide unto their MASTER's home,
 A star comes dancing up the orient,
 And springs for joy over the strawy tent;
 Where gold, to make their PRINCE a crown, they all present.

LXXVII.

Young *John*, glad child, before he cou'd be born,
 Leap'd in the womb, his joy to prophesy;
 Old *Anna*, tho' with age all spent and worn,
 Proclaims her SAVIOUR to posterity;
 And *Simeon* fast his dying words doth ply;
 Oh, how the blessed souls about him trace!
 It is the SIRE of heav'n thou dost embrace,
 Sing, *Simeon*, sing; sing, *Simeon*, sing apace!

LXXVIII.

With that the mighty thunder dropt away
 From God's outstretched arm^r; now milder grown
 And melted into tears; as if to pray
 For pardon, and for pity, it had known;
 Which shou'd have been for sacred vengeance thrown:
 Thereto th' angelic armies all had vow'd
 Their former rage:—but, all to MERCY bow'd,
 And broken weapons at her feet, they gladly strow'd.

LXXIX.

Bring, bring ye graces all your silver flaskets^r,
 Painted with every choicest flow'r that grows,
 That I may soon unload your fragrant baskets,
 To strew the fields with odours, where he goes;
 Let whatsoe'er he treads on be a rose.
 So down she let her eyelids fall, to shine
 Upon the rivers of bright *Palestine*;
 Whose woods drop honey, and her rivers flow with wine.

^r The effects of MERCY's speech. ^r A transition to Christ's second victory.

U.S. AIR FORCE



PART II.

CHRIST'S VICTORY

ON EARTH.

I.

THERE^a by himself alone, remain'd awhile
In shady darkness a poor traveller;
Who now had measur'd many a weary mile,
Thro' a waste desert, where th'Almighty Sire
And his own will him brought; (a place how dire!)
Whom to devour, as he to rest began,
The hungry beasts of the wild forest ran,
And all with open throat, wou'd swallow whole the MAN.

II.

'Tis sure that MAN cou'd have destroyed all,
Whom to devour, the beasts now made pretence:
For him their savage thirst cou'd nought appal,
Tho' weapons none he had for his defence:
What arms for innocence, but innocence?
But when they saw their LORD's bright cognizance
Shine in his face, soon did they cease t'advance;
And some unto him kneel, and some about him dance.

^a Christ brought into the place of combat, the wilderness, amongst the wild beasts. Mark i. 13.

III.

III.

Down fell the lordly lion's angry mood^b,
 And he himself fell down in conges low;
 Bidding him welcome to his wasteful wood:
 Sometimes he kifs'd the grafs where he wou'd go;
 And, as to wash his feet he well did know,
 With fawning tongue he lick'd away the dust;
 And every one wou'd nearest to him thrust;
 And every one with new, forgot his former lust.

IV.

Unmindful of himself, to mind his LORD,
 The lamb stood gazing by the tyger's side,
 As tho' between them they had made accord;
 And on the lion's back the goat did ride,
 Regardless of the roughness of the hide:
 If he stood still, their eyes upon him baited;
 But if he walk'd, they all in order waited;
 And when he slept, they as his watch themselves conceited.

V.

Upon a grassy hillock he was laid,
 Where woody primroses now flourished;
 And over him the wanton shadows play'd
 Of a wild olive, which her boughs so spread,
 That with her leaves she seem'd to crown his head;
 And her green arms t'embrace the PRINCE of peace:
 The SUN so near, needs must the winter cease;
 The SUN so near, another spring seem'd to increase.

VI.

His hair was black^c, and in small curls did twine,
 As tho' it were the shadow of some light;
 And underneath, his face, as day did shine;
 But sure the day ne'er shined half so bright,

^b Whom the creatures cannot but adore.

^c The beauty of his body. Cant. v. 11.

Nor the sun's shadow made so dark a night :
 Under his lovely locks, her head to shroud,
 Wou'd make humility herself grow proud :
 Hither, to light their lamps, did all the graces crowd.

VII.

One of ten thousand souls I am, and more,
 That of his eyes, and their sweet wounds complain ;
 Sweet are the wounds of LOVE, however fore,
 Ah, might he often slay me so again !
 He never lives, that thus is never slain.
 What boots to watch ? Those eyes, for all my art,
 Mine own eyes looking on, have stole my heart ;
 In them LOVE bends his bow, and dips his flaming dart.

VIII.

His cheeks as snowy apples, dipt in wine,
 Had their red roses quencht with lilies white^d ;
 And like to garden strawberries did shine,
 Wash'd in a bowl of milk ; or rose-buds bright,
 Unbecoming their breasts against the light :
 Here love-sick souls did eat, there drank, and made
 Sweet-smelling posies, that can never fade :
 But, worldly eyes him thought more like some living shade^e.

IX.

For laughter never sat upon his brow,
 Tho' in his face all smiling joys abide ;
 No filken banners did about him flow :
 Fools make their fetters ensigns of their pride ;
 He was best cloth'd, when naked was his side.
 A LAMB he was, and woollen fleece he bore,
 Wove with one thread ; his feet low sandals wore ;
 But bare were both his legs, so went the times of yore.

^d Cant. v. 10. • Isa. liii. 2.

X.

As two white marble pillars that uphold
 God's holy place, where he in glory sets;
 And rise with goodly grace and courage bold,
 To bear his temple on their ample jets,
 Vein'd ev'ry where with azure rivulets:
 Whom all the people on some holy morn,
 With boughs and flow'ry garlands do adorn;
 Of such, tho' fairer far, this temple was upborne^f.

XI.

Twice had *Diana* bent her golden bow,
 (And shot from heav'n her silver shafts, to rouse
 The sluggish beasts that dwell in dens below,
 And all the day in lazy covert drowse)
 Since him the silent wilderness did house:
 The heav'n his roof, and harbour shelter was;
 The ground his bed, and his moist pillow, grafs:
 But fruits there none did grow, nor rivers none did pass.

XII.

At length an aged *Sire*^g far off he saw
 Come slowly footing; ev'ry step he guess'd
 One of his feet he from the grave did draw;
 Three legs he had, that made of wood, was best;
 And all the way he went, he ever blest
 With benedictions, and with prayers store;
 But, the bad ground was blessed ne'er the more:
 And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar.

XIII.

A good old *Hermit* he now seem'd to be,
 Who for devotion had the world forsaken;
 And now was travelling some saint to see,
 Since to his beads he had himself betaken;

^f Cant. v. 15.

^g Christ meeting his adversary the Devil, disguised as an hermit.

Where

Where all his former sins he might awaken;
 And them might wash away with tears of brine,
 And alms, and fasts, and churches discipline;
 And dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.

XIV.

But when he nearer came, he bowed low
 With prone obeisance, and with court'sy kind;
 That at his feet his head he seem'd to throw:
 What need he now another saint to find?
 Affections are the sails, and faith the wind,
 That to this saint a thousand souls convey
 Each hour: O happy pilgrims thither stray!
 What care they for the beasts, or for the weary way?

XV.

Soon the old *Palmer* his devotions sung,
 Like pleasing anthems, mod'lated in time;
 For well that aged *Sire* cou'd tip his tongue
 With golden foil of eloquence, and rhyme;
 And smooth his rugged speech with phrases prime.
 Ay me! quoth he, how many years have been,
 Since these old eyes the sun of heav'n have seen!
 Certes the SON of heav'n, they now behold I ween.

XVI.

Ah, might my humble cell so blessed be!
 As heav'n to welcome in its lowly roof;
 And be the temple for thy Deity!
 Lo! how my cottage worships thee aloof;
 That under ground hath hid its head, in proof
 It doth adore thee, with the ceiling low.
 Here's milk and honey; and here chesnuts grow;
 The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee shall bestow.

F

XVII.

XVII.

But oh^b! he said, and therewith sigh'd full deep,
 The heav'ns, alas, too envious are grown,
 Because our fields thy presence from them keep;
 For stones now grow, where corn was lately sown:
 (So stooping down, he gather'd up a stone)
 But thou with corn canst make this stone to ear:
 What need we then the angry heav'ns to fear?
 Let them envy us still, so we enjoy thee here.

XVIII.

Thus on they wander'd; but, those holy weeds,
 A monstrous serpentⁱ, and not man do cover;
 So under greenest herbs the adder feeds:
 And round about that loathsome corpse did hover
 The dismal prince of gloomy night; and over
 His ever-damned head the shadows err'd
 Of thousand peccant ghosts, unseen, unheard;
 And all the tyrant fears, and all the tyrant fear'd.

XIX.

He was the son of blackest *Acheron*,
 Where many damned souls loud wailing lie;
 And rul'd the burning waves of *Phlegethon*,
 Where many more in flaming sulphur fry;
 At once compell'd to live, and forc'd to die:
 Where nothing can be heard, but the sad cry
 Of oh! alas! and oh! alas! that I!
 Or once again might live, or once at length might die!

XX.

Ere long they came near to a baleful bow'r^k,
 Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,
 Which gaping flood all comers to devour;
 Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,

^b Closely tempting him to despair of God's providence.

ⁱ Being what he seem'd not, *Satan*.

^k The tempter would lead Christ to *Desperation*; characterised by his place, countenance, apparel, horrible apparitions, &c. int^l and the five following stanzas.

That

That still for carrion carcases doth crave.

The ground no herbs but venomous, did bear;

The trees all leafless stood; and ev'ry where
Dead bones and skulls were cast, and bodies hanged were.

XXI.

Upon the roof, the bird of sorrow sat,

Keeping back joyful day with her sad note;

And through the shady air the flutt'ring bat

Did wave her leathern sails, and blindly float;

While with her wings the fatal screech-owl smote

Th' unblest house; there on a craggy stone

*Celæno*¹ hung, and made a direful moan;

And all about the murder'd ghosts did shriek and groan.

XXII.

Like cloudy moon-shine in some shadowy grove,

Such was the light in which *Despair* did dwell;

But he himself with night for darkness strove:

His black uncombed locks dishevell'd fell

About his face; thro' which as brands of hell

Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glow,

Which made him deadly look;—their glimpses show

Like cockatrices eyes, that sparks of poison throw.

XXIII.

His clothes were ragged clouts, with thorns pinn'd fast;

And as he musing lay, into a fright

A thousand wild chimeras wou'd him cast:

So when a fearful dream in midst of night

Disturbs the mind, and to the astonish'd fight

Some phantom brings; straight doth the hasty foot

Assay to flee, but can't itself up-root;

The voice dies in the tongue; the mouth gapes without boot^m.

¹ One of the harpies, See Virgil's *Æneid*.

^m This is descriptive of what is vulgarly called the Night-mare.

XXIV.

Now he wou'd dream, that he from heav'n fell,
 And then wou'd snatch the air, afraid to fall;
 And now he thought he sinking was to hell,
 And then wou'd grasp the earth; and now his stall
 To him seem'd hell, and then he out wou'd crawl:
 And ever as he went wou'd squint aside,
 Lest he shou'd be by fiends from hell espy'd;
 And forc'd, alas! in chains for ever to abide.

XXV.

Therefore he softly shrunk and stole away,
 Nor ever dared to draw his breath for fear,
 Till to the door he came, and there he lay
 Panting for breath, as tho' he dying were;
 And still he thought he felt their grapples tare
 Him by the heels back to his ugly den;
 Out, fain he wou'd have leap'd, but then
 The heav'ns, as hell, he fear'd, that punish guilty men.

XXVI.

Within the gloomy den of this pale wight,
 The serpent woo'd him with his charms, to inn;
 That he might bait by day, and rest by night;
 But under that same bait, a fearful gin
 Was ready to entangle him in sin:
 But he upon *Ambrosia* daily fed,
 That grew in *Eden*; thus he answered;
 So both away were caught, and to the temple fled.

XXVII.

Well knew our SAVIOUR this the *Serpent* was;
 And the old *Serpent* knew our SAVIOUR well;
 Never did any *this* in fallshood pass;
 Never did any HIM in truth excell:

With

With HIM we fly to heav'n; from heav'n we fell
 With *this*:—but now they both together met
 Upon the sacred pinnacle^a, that threat
 With its aspiring top *Astrea's* starry feat.

XXVIII.

Here did *Presumption* her pavilion spread,
 Over the temple the bright stars among;
 (Ah, that her foot shou'd trample on the head
 Of that revered place!)—and a lewd throng
 Of wanton boys sung her a pleasant song
 Of love, long life, of mercy, and of grace;
 And every one her dearly did embrace;
 And she herself enamour'd was of her own face.

XXIX.

Poor fool! she thought herself in wondrous price
 With God, as if in paradise she were;
 But, were she not in a fool's paradise,
 She might have seen more reason to despair:
 But him^o, she like some ghastly fiend, did fear;
 And therefore as that wretch hew'd out his cell,
 Under the bowels, in the heart of hell,
 So she above the moon, amidst the stars wou'd dwell.

XXX.

Her tent with sunny clouds was ceil'd aloft,
 And so exceeding shone with a false light,
 That heav'n itself to her it seemed oft,
 Heav'n without clouds to her deluded sight;
 But clouds without a heav'n it was aright:
 And as her house was built, so wou'd her brain
 Build castles in the air, with idle pain:
 But heart she never had, in all her body vain.

^a The tempter would lead Christ to *Presumption*; characterised by her place, attendants, &c. in the seven following stanzas.

^o *Despair*, before described

XXXI.

XXXI.

Like to a ship, in which no ballast lies,
 Without a pilot on the sleeping waves,
 Fairly along with wind and water flies;
 And painted masts with silken sails, so braves,
 That *Neptune's* self the bragging vessel saves,
 To laugh awhile at her so proud array;
 Her waving streamers loosely she lets play,
 That with their colours shine, as bright as smiling day.

XXXII.

But, ah! so soon as heav'n his brows doth bend,
 She veils her banners, and pulls in her beams;
 The empty bark the raging billows send
 Up to th' *Olympic* waves; and *Argus* seems
 Again to ride upon our lower streams:
 Just so *Presumption* did herself behave,
 Tossed about with every stormy wave;
 And in white lawn she went, most like an angel brave.

XXXIII.

Gently our SAVIOUR she began to talk,
 Whether he were the SON of God, or no;
 For any other she disdain'd to ask;
 And if he were, she bid him, fearless throw
 Himself to ground, and therewithal did show
 A flight of little angels, that await,
 Upon their glittering wings to catch him straight,
 And longed on their backs to feel his glorious weight.

XXXIV.

But when she saw her speech prevailed nought,
 Herself she tumbled headlong to the floor:
 But him the angels on their feathers caught,
 And to a lofty mountain swiftly bore;

Whose

Whose snowy shoulders, like some chalky shore,
 Restless *Olympus* seem'd to rest upon,
 With all his swimming globes:—so both are gone,
 The *Dragon* with the LAMB.—Ah, unmeet paragon!

XXXV.

All suddenly the hill his snow devours;
 Instead of which a goodly garden grew^p,
 As if the snow had melted into flow'rs;
 Which their sweet breath in subtil vapours threw,
 That all around perfumed spirits flew:
 For whatsoever might aggrate the sense
 In all the world, or please the appetite,
 Here it was poured out in lavish affluence.

XXXVI.

Not lovely *Ida* might with this compare,
 Tho' with his streams his banks were silvered;
 Tho' *Xanthus* with his golden sands he bear;
 Nor *Hibla*, tho' his thyme when gathered,
 As fast again with honey blossomed;
 Nor *Rhodophe*, nor *Tempe's* flow'ry plain;
Adonis' garden was to this but vain,
 Tho' *Plato* on his beds a flood of praise did rain.

XXXVII.

For in all these, some-one thing most wou'd grow;
 But in this one, grew all things else beside,
 For sweet variety herself did throw
 On every bank; here, all the ground she dy'd
 In lily white; there, pinks were spread so wide,
 They damask'd all the earth; and here, she shed
 Blue violets; and there, came roses red;
 And every sight the yielding sense, as captive led.

^p Satan tempts Christ by *Vain Glory*; poetically described from the place where her court stood, a garden.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

The garden like a lady fair, was cut,
 That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,
 And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
 The azure fields of heav'n, in semblance right,
 Was a large circle, set with flow'rs of light;
 The *Flower-de-luce*, and the bright drops of dew
 That hung upon the azure leaves, all shew
 Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the heav'ns so blue.

XXXIX.

Upon a lofty bank her head she cast,
 On which was built the bow'r of *Vain Delight*;
 White and red roses for her face were plac'd,
 And for her tresses, marigolds so bright;
 Which broadly she display'd, t'attract the sight,
 Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd;
 Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
 That with green fillets, in their pretty cauls were bound.

XL.

What shou'd I here depict her lily hand,
 Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
 Which there in orient colours living stand;
 Or how her gown with silken leaves is drest;
 Or how her watchman, arm'd with branchy crest,
 A wall tho' hidden, in his bushes bears;
 Shaking at every wind their leafy spears,
 Whilst she supinely sleeps, nor to be waken'd fears?

XLI.

Over the hedge depends the branching elm,
 Whose greener head empurpled was with wine,
 That seem'd to wonder at his bloody helm,
 And half suspect the bunches of the vine;

Left

Left they, perhaps, his strength shou'd undermine;
 For well he knew such fruit he never bore:
 But her weak arms embraced him the more,
 And with her ruby grapes laugh'd at her paramour.

XLII.

Under the shadow of these drunken elms
 A fountain rose, where *Pangloretta* uses
 (When her some flood of fancy overwhelms,
 And one of all her favourites she chuses)
 To bathe herself, whom she in lust abuses,
 And from his wanton body draws his soul;
 Which drown'd in pleasure, in that juicy bowl,
 And swimming in delight, doth amorously roll.

XLIII.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
 Upon the floor a herd of beasts were spread;
 Which she secure in golden chains did keep,
 And them in willing bondage fettered.
 Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
 And turn'd to beasts; so fabled *Homer* old,
 That *Circe* with her potion, charm'd in gold,
 Was wont men's souls in beastly bodies to infold.

XLIV.

Thro' this false *Eden* to his *Leman's*^a bow'r^r
 (Which thousand souls devoutly idolize)
 The first *Destroyer* led our SAVIOUR.
 There in the lower room in solemn guise
 They danc'd around, and pour'd their sacrifice
 To plump *Lyæus*^s; and amongst the rest,
 The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,
 Chanted their *Orgies* wild in honour of the feast.

^a A harlot or concubine.

^r Further described, from her court and courtiers.

^s A surname of *Bacchus*.

XLV.

Others^t within their arbours drinking fat,
 (For all the room about was arbour'd)
 With laughing *Bacchus*, who was grown so fat,
 That stand he could not, but was carried;
 And every evening freshly watered
 To quench his fiery cheeks; and all about
 Small pipes broke through the wall, and poured out
 Flaggons of wine, to set on fire that swilling rout.

XLVI.

This their imbruted souls esteem'd their wealth,
 To crown the bousing can from day to night;
 And sick they drink themselves, with drinking health:
 Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.
 Hence, to a loft^u, carv'd all in ivory white
 They came, where many wanton ladies went;
 Melted in pleasure, and soft languishment,
 And sunk in beds of roses, amorous glances sent.

XLVII.

Fly, fly thou HOLY CHILD! that wanton room;
 And thou my chaster muse, those harlots shun;
 And with HIM to a higher story come^w,
 Where gold and silver to vast heaps are grown:
 The while the owners, with their wealth undone,
 Starve in their store, and 'midst their plenty pine;
 Rolling themselves upon their golden mine;
 Glutting their famish'd souls with the deceitful shine.

XLVIII.

Ah! who was he such precious perils found?
 How strongly nature did her treasures hide;
 And cast upon them mountains of thick ground
 Dark'ning their ore y lustre:—but since pride

^t 1st, *Pleasure-in-drinking.* ^u 2^d, *Luxury.* ^w, 3^d *Avarice.*

Hath taught her sons to wound their mother's side;
 And gauge the deep, to search for glitt'ring shells,
 In whose bright bosom spumy *Bacchus* swells;
 Not either heav'n, or earth, henceforth in safety dwells.

XLIX.

O sacred hunger of the greedy eye!
 Whose need hath end, but no end, *Avarice*;
 Empty in fulness, rich in poverty,
 That having all things, nothing can suffice:
 How thou the fancy tak'st of men most wise!
 The poor man wou'd be rich; the rich man great;
 The great man king; the king in God's own seat
 Enthron'd, with mortal arm, dares flames and thunder threat.

L.

Therefore above the rest, *Ambition* fat*;
 Whose court with shining pearl around was wall'd;
 And there upon the wall in chairs of state,
 And most majestic splendour were install'd
 A hundred kings, whose temples were empal'd
 In golden diadems, set here and there
 With diamonds, and gems that num'rous were;
 And with their splendid sceptres, gorgeously appear.

LI.

High over all *Panglory*'s blazing throne,
 In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
 Like *Phæbus*' lamp in midst of heav'n shone:
 Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,
 Self-arching columns to uphold were taught:
 In which her image still reflected was
 By the smooth crystal, which like her own glass,
 In beauty and in frailty, did all others pass.

* 4th, *Ambitious honour*.

LII.

A silver wand the *Sorcerers* did sway,
 And for a crown of gold, her hair she wore;
 Only a garland of rosebuds did play
 About her locks; and in her hand she bore
 A hollow globe of glass, which long before
 With her own hands she wholly emptied;
 And all the world therein had pictured;
 Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

LIII.

Such wat'ry images young boys do blow
 Out from some slender tube, and much admire
 The swimming world; which tenderly they row
 With easy breath, till it be waved high'r;
 But if they chance too roughly to respire,
 The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
 Here when HE came, she did for music call,
 And sung this wooing song to welcome him withal.

'Tis *Love* ^y that makes the heav'ns to move;
 And the sun doth burn in *Love*.
Love the strong and weak doth yoke;
 And makes the ivy climb the oak:
 Under whose shadow lions wild,
 Soften'd by *Love*, grow tame and mild.
Love no med'cine can appease;
 He burns the fishes in the seas:
 Not the most skill'd his wounds can flench;
 Not all the sea his fire can quench.
Love did make the bloody spear,
 Once a leafy coat to wear;
 Whilst in his leaves there shrouded lay
 Sweet birds, for *Love*, that sing and play:

^y From her temptation.

And

And of all *Love's* joyful flame,
I the bud and blossom am.
 Only bend thy knee to me;
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

See, see the flow'rs that below,
Now as fresh as morning blow;
And of all, the virgin rose
Like to bright *Aurora* shows;
How they all do leafless die,
Losing their virginity:
Like unto a summer's shade,
But now born, and now they fade.
Every thing doth pass away,
There is danger in delay.
Come, come, gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sand of *Tagus* shore,
Into my bosom casts his ore.
All the valleys ripen'd corn,
To my house is yearly borne.
Every grape of every vine,
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine.
Whilst ten thousand kings, as proud
To carry up my train, have bow'd:
And the stars in heav'n that shine,
With ten thousand more are mine.

LIV.

Thus fought the dire *Enchantress* in HIS mind,
Her guileful baits to have embosomed;
But HE her charms dispersed into wind,
And her of insolence admonished;

And

And all her optic glasses shattered :
 So with her *Sire*, to hell she took her flight *,
 (The starting air flew from the damned spright)
 Where deeply both aggriev'd, plunged themselves in night.

LV.

But, to their LORD, now musing in his thought,
 A heav'nly host of swiftest angels flew ;
 And from his FATHER, him a banquet brought
 Thro' the fine element ; for well they knew,
 After so long a fast, he hungry grew ;
 And, as he fed, the holy choirs agree
 To sing a hymn of the CELESTIAL THREE !
 Which by the heart of man cou'd ne'er conceived be.

LVI.

The birds, sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
 Attemper'd to the lays angelical ;
 And to the birds, the winds attune their noise ;
 And to the winds, the waters softly call ;
 And *Echo* back again returned all,
 That the whole valley rung with VICTORY !
 But now our LORD to rest doth homewards fly :
 For lo, the night comes hast'ning from the mountains high.

* The effect of this victory on *Satan*.

P A R T III.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH

O V E R D E A T H.

I.

SO down the silver streams of *Eridan*^a,
On either side bank'd with a lily wall,
Whiter than both, rides the triumphant swan,
And sings his dirge, and prophesies his fall,
Diving unto his wat'ry funeral:
But *Eridan* to *Cedron*^b, must submit
His flow'ry shore; nor can he envy it,
If when *Apollo* sings, his swans all silent sit.

II.

That HEAV'NLY VOICE^c I more delight to hear,
Than gentle airs to breathe; or swelling waves
Against the sounding rocks their bosoms tear;
Or whistling reeds, that *Jordan's* river laves,
And with their verdure his white head embraces;
To chide the winds; or roving bees, that fly
About the laughing blooms of fallow,
Rocking asleep the lazy drones that thereon lie.

^a A celebrated river in Italy.

^b A brook between Jerusalem and Mount Olivet. John xviii. 1.

^c Christ's triumph over death on the cross, expressed first in general by his joy to undergo it; singing before he went to the garden, Matth xxvi. 30.

III.

III.

And yet, how can I hear THEE singing go,
 When men incens'd with hate, thy death do threat?
 Or else why do I hear thee fighting so,
 When thou, inflam'd with love, their life dost get?
 That love and hate, and sighs and songs are met;
 But thus, and only thus thy love did crave,
 To send thee singing for us to thy grave,
 Whilst *we* fought thee to kill, and THOU fought'st us to save.

IV.

When I remember CHRIST our burden bears^d,
 I look for glory,—and find misery;
 I look for joy,—and find a sea of tears;
 I look that we should live,—and see him die;
 I look for angels songs,—and hear him cry:
 Thus what I seek, I cannot find so well;
 Or rather, what I find, I cannot tell;
 These banks so narrow are, those streams so high do swell.

V.

CHRIST suffers,—and in this, his tears begin;
 Suffers for us,—and joy on us bestows;
 Suffers to death,—here is his manhood seen;
 Suffers to rise,—and hence his Godhead shows:
 For man that cou'd not by himself have rose
 Out of the grave, doth by the Godhead rise;
 And God, that cou'd not die, in manhood dies,
 That we in both might live, by that sweet sacrifice.

VI.

Go giddy brains, whose wits are thought so fresh;
 Pluck all the flow'rs that nature forth doth throw;
 Go stick them on the cheeks of wanton flesh;
 Poor idol! (forc'd at once to fall and grow)

^d Secondly, by his grief in undergoing it.

Of fading roses, and of melting snow:
 Your songs exceed your matter;—this of mine,
 The matter which it sings, shall make divine;
 As stars dull puddles gild, in which their beauties shine.

VII.

Who^e doth not see drown'd in *Deucalion's* name,
 (When earth his men, and sea had lost his shore)
 Old *Noah*? and in *Nisus* lock, the fame
 Of *Sampson* yet alive; and long before
 In *Phaetons*, mine own fall I deplore:
 But he that conquer'd hell, to fetch again
 His virgin widow by a *Serpent* slain,
 Another *Orpheus* was, than dreaming poets feign:

VIII.

THAT taught the hardest stones to melt for passion,
 And dormant sea, to hear him, silent lie;
 And at his voice, see how the wat'ry nation
 All crowd, as if they deem'd it cheap, to buy
 With their own deaths his sacred harmony:
 The while the waves stood still to hear his song,
 And steady shore wav'd with the reeling throng
 Of thirsty souls, that hung upon his fluent tongue.

IX.

What better friendship^f, than to cover shame?
 What greater love, than for a friend to die?
 Yet this is better, to assume the blame;
 And this is greater, for an enemy:
 But more than this, to die not suddenly,
 Not with some common death, with little pain;
 But slowly, and with torments to be slain:
 O wondrous LOVE! which to unfold, all words are vain.

* By the obscure fables of the Gentiles typifying it.
 By the cause of it in him, his love.

X.

And yet the SON is humbled for the slave,
 And yet the slave is proud before the SON :
 Yet the CREATOR for his creature gave
 Himself, and yet the creature hastes to run
 From his CREATOR, and self-good doth shun :
 And yet the PRINCE, and GOD himself doth cry
 To man his traitor, *pardon, not to fly* ;
 Yet doth the traitor man, his GOD and PRINCE defy.

XI.

Who is it fees not^z, that he nothing is,
 But he that nothing fees? What weaker breast,
 Since *Adam's* armour fail'd, dares warrant his?
 Who, made by God, of all his creatures best,
 Straight made himself the worst of all the rest :
 If any strength we have, it is to ill ;
 But all the good is God's, both pow'r and will :
 The dead man cannot rise, tho' he himself may kill.

XII.

A tree was first the instrument of strife^b,
 Where *Eve* to sin her soul did prostitute ;
 A tree is now the instrument of life,
 Tho' ill that trunk, and CHRIST's fair body suit ;
 Ah, cursed tree ! and yet, oh blessed fruit !
That death to HIM, *this* life to us doth give ;
 Strange is the cure, when things past cure revive,
 And the *Physician* dies to make his *Patient* live.

XIII.

Sweet *Eden* was the arbour of delight ;
 Yet in his honey flow'rs our poison blew :
 Sad *Gethsemane's*ⁱ the bow'r of baneful night ;
 Where CHRIST a health from poison for us drew :

^z By the effect it should have on us.

^b By the instrument, the tree of knowledge, &c.

ⁱ Expressed in particular by his sore passion in the garden.

Yea,

Yea, all our honey in that poison grew:
So we from sweetest flow'rs cou'd draw our bane;
And CHRIST from bitter venom cou'd again
Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of pain.

XIV.

A man was first the author of our fall;
A MAN is now the author of our rise;
A garden was the place we perish'd all;
A garden is the place HE pays our price;
And the old *Serpent* with a new device,
Hath found a way, himself for to beguile:
So he that all men tangled in his wile,
Is now by one MAN caught, beguil'd with his own guile.

XV.

The dewy night had with her frosty shade
So mantled all the earth, that the stiff ground
Sparkled in ice; only the LORD, that made
All for himself, himself dissolved found;
Sweat without heat, and blood without a wound:
Of heav'n and earth, and God, and man forlook;
Thrice begging help of those whose sins he took;
And thrice deny'd of one^k;—whose treatment he did brook.

XVI.

Yet had he been alone of God forsaken,
Or had his body been embroil'd alone
In fierce assault; he might, perhaps, have taken
Some joy in foul, when all joy else was gone;
But that with God, to highest heav'n is flown:
And hell itself out from her grave doth rise,
Black as the starless night;—and with them flies,
Yet blacker far than both, the son of blasphemies.

^k The apostle Peter.

XVII.

As when the planets with unkind aspect,
 Call from her caves the meagre pestilence;
 The pois'nous vapour, eager to infect,
 Obeys the voice of the sad influence,
 And spreads abroad a thousand noxious scents;
 The fount of life, flaming his golden flood
 With the sick air, fevers the boiling blood,
 And poisons all the body with contagious food.

XVIII.

The bold physician, too incautious,
 By those he cures, himself is murdered;
 Kindness infects, pity is dangerous;
 And the poor infant yet not fully bred,
 There, whence he shou'd be born, lies buried;
 So the dark *Prince*, from his infernal cell,
 Casts up his horrid torturers of hell,
 And whets them to revenge, with this insulting spell.

XIX.

See how the world smiles in eternal peace;
 While we the harmless brats, and rusty throng
 Of night, our snakes in curls do prank, and dress:
 Why sleep our drowsy scorpions so long?
 Where is our wonted virtue to do wrong?
 Are we ourselves; or are we graces grown?
 The sons of hell, or heav'n? 'Twas never known
 Our whips so useles were; and brands so lifeles blown.

XX.

O long-desir'd! but never hop'd-for hour,
 When our tormentor shall our torments feel!
 Arm, arm yourselves, ye *Demons* with my pow'r;
 And make our judge for pardon to us kneel,

Whilst

Whilst we do tear him with our whips of steel:
Myself in honour of so noble prize,
Will pour you reeky blood, shed with the cries
Of hasty heirs, who their own fathers sacrifice.

XXI.

With that a flood of poison black as hell,
Out from his filthy gorge, the beast did spew,
That all about HIS blessed body fell;
And thousand flaming *Serpents* hissing flew
About his soul, and hellish sulphur threw;
And every one brandish'd his fiery tongue,
And round about him violently clung;
But he their stings tore out, and to the ground them flung.

XXII.

So have I seen a rock's heroick breast,
Against proud *Neptune*, that his ruin threats,
When all his waves he hath to battle prest,
(And with a thousand swelling billows beats
The stubborn stone, and foams, and chafes, and frets,
To heave him from his root) their force withstand;
And tho' in heaps the threat'ning furies band,
Yet broken they retire, and wash the yielding strand.

XXIII.

So may we oft a tender father see,
To please his wanton son, his only joy,
Coast all about, to catch the roving bee;
And stung himself, his busy hands employ
To save the honey for the ramesome boy:
Or from the snake her rancorous teeth erase,
Making his child the toothless serpent chace,
Or with his little hands her swelling crest embrace.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Thus CHRIST himself to watch and sorrow gives,
 While dew'd in easy sleep dead *Peter* lies;
 Thus man in his own grave securely lives,
 While CHRIST alive with thousand horrors dies;
 Yet he for *ours*, not *his* own pardon cries:
 No sins he had, yet all our sins he bear;
 So much doth God for others evils care,
 And yet so careless men for their own evils are.

XXV.

See¹ drowsy *Peter*, see where *Judas* wakes;
 Where *Judas* kisses him whom *Peter* flies;
 O kiss, more deadly than the sting of snakes!
 False love, more hurtful than true injuries!
 Ah me! how dearly God his servant buys!
 For God his man at his own blood doth hold;
 And man his God for thirty pence hath sold:
 So tin for silver goes, and dunghill dross for gold.

XXVI.

Yet was it not enough for sin to chuse
 A servant to betray his LORD to them;
 But that a subject must his king accuse;
 But that a *Pagan* must his God condemn;
 But that a FATHER must his SON contemn;
 But that the SON must his own death desire;
 That prince, and people, servant, and the SIRE,
Gentile and *Jew*, and HE against himself conspire?

XXVII.

Was this the oil^m, to make thy saints adore thee,
 The frothy spittle of the rascal throng?
 Are these the trophies that are borne before thee,
 Base whips of cord, and knotted all along?

¹ By his passion itself, amplified from the general causes.

^m Parts and effects of it.

Is this thy golden sceptre against wrong,
 A reedy cane?—Is that the crown adorns
 Thy shining locks, a crown of sharpest thorns?
 Are these the angels hymns, the priests blasphemous scorns?

XXVIII.

Who ever saw honour before asham'd;
 Insulted majesty; debased height;
 Innocence guilty; honesty defam'd;
 Liberty bound; health sick; the sun in night?
 But since such wrong was offer'd unto right,
 Our night is day, our sickness health is grown;
 Our shame is hid;—this now remains alone
 For us, since HE was ours, that we be not our own.

XXIX.

Night was ordain'd for restⁿ, and not for pain;
 But they, to pain their LORD, their rest contemn;
 Good laws to save, what bad men wou'd have slain,
 And not bad judges; with one breath by them
 The innocent to pardon, and condemn:
 Death for revenge of murderers, not decay
 Of guiltless blood;—but now, all headlong sway
 Man's murderer to save, man's SAVIOUR for to slay.

XXX.

Frail multitude, whose law, is as you list;
 Whose best applause is windy flattering;
 Most like the breath of which it doth consist,
 No sooner blown, but as soon vanishing,
 As much desir'd, as little profiting;
 Which makes the men who have it, oft as light
 As those who give it; which the proud invite,
 And fear:—the bad man's friend;—the good man's hypocrite.

ⁿ From the particular causes.

XXXI.

XXXI.

It was but now their sounding clamours sung,
Blessed is he that comes from the Most High!
 And all the mountains with hosannas rung;
 But now, *Away with him, away, they cry!*
 And nothing can be hear'd but, *Crucify:*
 It was but now, the crown itself they save,
 And pow'rful name of King unto him gave;
 And now, no King, but only *Cæsar*, they will have.

XXXII.

It was but now, they gather'd blooming *May*;
 And of his arms depriv'd the branchy tree,
 To strew with boughs, and blossoms, all thy way;
 But now the branchless trunk's a cross for thee;
 And of sharp thorns thy coronet must be:
 It was but now, they did with kindness throw
 Their own best garments, where thy feet shou'd go;
 And now, thyself they strip, and bleeding wounds do show.

XXXIII.

See where the Author of all life is dying:
 O fearful day! HE dead, what hope of living?
 See where the hopes of all our lives are buying;
 O cheerful day! they bought, what fear of grieving?
 Love now for hate, and death for life is giving:
 Lo! how his arms are stretch'd abroad to grace thee;
 And, as they open stand, call to embrace thee,
 Why stay'st thou then my soul; O fly! fly thither, haste thee.

XXXIV.

His tender back, with bloody whips they gore;
 His radiant head, with pungent thorns doth smart;
 His hands and feet, with rugged nails they bore;
 And with a spear they pierce his side and heart:

And

And to afflict his grieved soul the more,
 Rejoiced at his pains, and made their game;
 His naked body too, expos'd to shame,
 That all might come to see, and all might see who came.

XXXV.

Whereat ° the heav'n put out his guilty eye,
 That durst behold so execrable sight;
 And cover'd all with black the vaulted sky;
 And the pale stars struck with unwonted fright,
 Quenched their everlasting lamps in night:
 And at his birth, as all the stars heav'n had,
 Were not enough, but a new star was made;
 So now both new, and old, and all away did fade.

XXXVI.

Th' amazed ^p angels shook their fiery wings,
 Ready to lighten vengeance from God's throne;
 One, down his eyes upon the manhood flings;
 Another, gazes on the Godhead; none,
 But surely thought, his wits were not his own:
 Some flew, to look if it were very HE;
 But when God's arm, unarmed they did see,
 Altho' they saw it was, they thought it cou'd not be.

XXXVII.

The ^q fadden'd air hung all in cheerless black,
 Through which the gentle winds soft sighing flew;
Jordan did into such vast sorrows break,
 (As if his holy stream no measure knew)
 That all his narrow banks he overthrew;
 The trembling earth with horror inly shook;
 And stubborn stones, such grief unus'd to brook,
 Soon burst; and ghosts awaking, from their graves did look.

• The effects of it in the heavens.

• In the heavenly spirits.

^q In the inanimate creatures.

XXXVIII.

The wise *Philosopher** cry'd, all aghast!
The God of nature surely languished;
 The sad *Centurion* cried out as fast,
The Son of God! the Son of God was dead!
 The wicked *Jew* hung down his pensive head,
 And homewards hied; and ever, as he went,
 He smote his breast, half desperately bent:
 The very woods, and beasts, all seem his death lament.

XXXIX.

The graceless *Traitor** round about did look;
 (He look'd not long, the Devil quickly met him)
 To find a halter, which he found, and took;
 Only a gibbet now he needs must get him,
 So on a wither'd tree he fairly fet him,
 And help'd to fit the rope, and in his thought,
 A thousand *Furies*, with their whips, he brought;
 So there he stands, ready to hell to make his vault.

XL.

For him a waking blood-hound, yelling loud,
 (That in his bosom long had sleeping laid,
 A guilty conscience, barking after blood)
 Pursued eagerly, nor ever stay'd,
 Till the betrayer's self it had betray'd;
 Oft chang'd he place, in hope away to wind;
 But change of place cou'd never change his mind;
 Himself he flies to lose, and follows but to find.

XLI.

There are but two ways for this soul to have,
 When parting from the body; forth it springs,
 To fly to heav'n, or fall into the grave,
 Where whips of scorpions, with their painful flings,

* *Dionysius*, who being then at *Athens*, far distant from *Jerusalem*, is reported to have thus cried out.

* *Judas*,

Torture the howling ghosts; whose loud wailings,
 Are ceaseless heard within this cave of night;
 Where flames do burn, and yet no spark of light;
 And fire torments, but not destroys the damned spright.

XLII.

There lies the captive soul, aye sighing sore,
 Reck'ning a thousand years since her first bands;
 Yet flays not there, but adds a thousand more,
 And at another thousand never stands,
 But tells to them the stars, and heaps the sands;
 And now the stars are told, and sands are run,
 And all those thousand thousand myriads done,
 And yet, but now, alas! but now, all is begun.

XLIII.

With that a flaming brand a *Fury* catcht,
 And shook, and tost it round in his wild thought;
 So from his heart all joy, all comfort snatcht,
 With every star of hope, while *Judas* fought,
 (With present fear, and future grief distraught *)
 To fly from his own heart; and aid implore
 Of HIM, the more he gives, that hath the more;
 Whose storehouse is the heav'ns, too little for HIS store.

XLIV.

Stay wretch on earth! cry'd *Satan*, restless rest;
 Know'st thou not justice lives in heav'n; or can
 The worst of creatures live amongst the best;
 Amongst the blessed angels cursed man?
 Will *Judas* now become a Christian?
 Whither will hope's long wings transport thy mind;
 Or can'st thou not thyself a sinner find;
 Or cruel to thyself, wou'dst thou have MERCY kind?

* i. e. distracted.

XLV.

HE gave thee life:—why shou'dst thou seek to slay him?
 He lent thee wealth:—what, for thy avarice?
 He call'd thee friend:—what, that thou shouldst betray him?
 He kiss'd thee, tho' he knew his life the price.
 He wash'd thy feet:—shou'dst thou his sacrifice?
 He gave thee bread, and wine, his body, blood;
 And at thy heart to enter in, he stood;
 But I, then enter'd in, and all my *Snaky* brood.

XLVI.

Such horrid *Gorgons*, and mishapen forms
 Of damned *Fiends*, possessed all his heart;
 That now, unable to endure their storms,
 Fly, fly, he cries, thyself, whate'er thou art;
 Hell doth already burn in every part.
 Thus into his *Tormentor's* arms he fell,
 That ready flood his funeral to knell,
 And in a cloud of night, to waft him quick to hell.

XLVII.

Yet oft he snatch'd, and started as he hung:
 So when the senses half enslumber'd lie,
 The headlong body, ready to be flung
 By the deluding fancy, from some high
 And craggy rock, recovers greedily,
 And clasps the yielding pillow, half asleep;
 And as from heav'n it tumbled to the deep,
 Feels a cold sweat through ev'ry trembling member creep,

XLVIII.

There let him hang, embowel'd in his blood;
 There let not any gentle shepherd feed
 His harmless flock; nor ever heav'nly flood
 Fall on the cursed ground; nor wholesome feed,

That

That may the least delight or pleasure breed :
 Let no sweet flow'rs adorn his habitation ;
 But noxious weeds, and all that cause vexation,
 With thorns and briars grow ; sad signs of desolation.

XLIX.

There let the dragon make his dread abode ;
 And putrid carcases be thrown avaunt ;
 There may the screech-owl dwell, and loathsome toad ;
 Fawns, sylvans, and deformed satyrs chant ;
 And ever let some restless spirit haunt,
 With hollow sound, and clanking chains, to scare
 The passenger, and eyes, like to the star
 That sparkles in the crest of angry *Mars* afar.

L.

But let the blessed dews for ever show'r
 Upon that ground, in whose fair fields I spy
 The bloody ensign of our SAVIOUR :
 Strange conquest, where the conqueror must die,
 And he is slain, who wins the victory :
 But HE", who living, had no proper room,
 Now had no grave, but *Joseph* gives his tomb :
 Ye faints then hither haste ; with spice the place perfume.

LI.

And ye glad spirits, that now fainted sit
 On your celestial thrones in glory drest ;
 Tho' I your tears recount, O let not it
 With after-sorrow wound your tender breast !
 Or with new grief disquiet your soft rest :
 Enough for me your plaints to sound again,
 That never cou'd myself enough complain ;
 Sing then, O sing aloud, thou *Arimathea*n swain !

In the blessed saints, *Joseph*, &c.

LII.

LII.

So long he stood, in his faint arms upholding
 The fairest spoil heav'n ever forfeited,
 With such a silent passion grief unfolding;
 That had the sheet but on himself been spread,
 He for the corpse might have been buried.
 And with him was the saved happy *Thief*
 (Who seem'd of mercy's miracles the chief):
 Whilst for their LORD, sad holy *Marys* drown'd in grief.

LIII.

At length (kissing his lips, before he spake,
 As if from thence he fetch'd again his ghost)
 To *Mary* thus, with tears, his silence break:
 Ah woful soul! what joy in all our coast,
 When him we hold, we have already lost?
 Once didst thou lose thy SON, but found'st again;
 Now find'st thy SON, but find'st him lost, and slain:
 Ah me! though HE cou'd death, how canst *thou* life sustain!

LIV.

Where'er dear LORD, thy shadow hovereth,
 Blessing the place wherein it deigns t'abide;
 Look how the earth dark horror covereth,
 Clothing in mournful black her naked side;
 Willing her shadow up to heav'n to glide,
 To seek, if it may meet thee wand'ring there;
 That so, if now herself must miss thee here,
 At least her shadow may her duty to thee bear.

LV.

See how the sun in day-time clouds his face;
 And lagging *Vesper*, loosing his late team,
 Forgets in heav'n to run his nightly race,
 But, sleeping on bright *Oeta's* top, doth dream

The

The world a *Chaos* is ; no joyful beam
 Looks from his starry bow'r ; the heav'ns do moan ;
 And trees drop tears, lest we shou'd grieve alone ;
 The winds have learnt to sigh, and waters hoarsely groan.

LVI.

And ye sweet flow'rs, that in this garden grow,
 Whose happy states a thousand souls envy ;
 Did ye your own felicities but know,
 Yourselfs unpluck'd wou'd to his funeral hie ;
 Ye never cou'd in better season die :
 O that I might into your places glide !
 The gate of heav'n stands open in his side ;
 Therein my soul shou'd run, and all her faults shou'd hide.

LVII.

Are these the eyes, that made all others blind ;
 Ah ! why are they themselves now blemished ?
 Is this the face, in which all beauty shin'd ?
 What blast hath thus his flow'rs so withered ?
 Are these the feet, that on the wat'ry head
 Of the unfaithful ocean, passage found ;
 Why go they now so lowly under ground ;
 Washt with our worthless tears, and their own precious wound ?

LVIII.

One hem but of the garment that he wore,
 Cou'd quickly heal whole countries of their pain ;
 One touch of this pale hand cou'd life restore ;
 One word from these cold lips revive the slain :
 Well the blind man thy Godhead might maintain :
 What tho' the fullen *Pharisees* repin'd ?
 He that shou'd both comparé, at length wou'd find,
 The *Blind Man* only saw, the *Seers* all were blind.

LIX.

LIX.

Why shou'd they think thee worthy to be slain?
 Was it because thou gav'st their blind men eyes;
 Or that thou mad'st their lame to walk again;
 Or that thou heal'd'st their sick mens maladies;
 Or mad'st their dumb to speak; and dead to rise?
 O cou'd all these but any grace have won!
 What wou'd they not to save thy life have done?
 The dumb man wou'd have spoke, and lame man wou'd have run.

LX.

Let me, O let me near some fountain lie!
 That through the rock lifts up its foamy head;
 Or let me dwell upon some mountain high,
 Whose hollow root, and baser parts are spread
 On fleeting waters, in his bowels bred,
 That I their streams, and they my tears may feed;
 Or clothed in some hermit's ragged weed,
 Spend all my days, in weeping for this curst deed.

LXI.

The life, the which I once did love, I leave;
 The love, in which I once did live, I loath;
 I hate the light, that did my light bereave;
 Both love, and life, I do despise you both;
 O that one grave might both your ashes clothe!
 A love, a life, a light I now obtain,
 Able to make my age grow young again,
 Able to save the sick, and to revive the slain.

LXII.

Thus spend we tears, that never can be spent,
 On him, that sorrow never more shall see:
 Thus send we sighs, that never can be sent,
 To him that died to live, and wou'd not be,

To

To be there where he wou'd.—Here bury we
 This heav'nly earth, here let it softly sleep,
 The fairest SHEPHERD of the fairest *Sheep*.
 So all the body kifs'd, and homewards went to weep.

LXIII.

So home their bodies went, to seek repose,
 But at the grave they left their souls behind;
 O who the force of love celestial knows!
 That can the chains of nature's self unbind,
 Sending the body home, without the mind.
 Ah, blessed *Virgin*! what high angel's art
 Can ever count thy tears, or sing thy smart,
 When every nail that pierced him, did pierce thy heart?

LXIV.

So *Philomel*^w, perch'd on an aspen sprig,
 Weeps all the night her lost virginity;
 And sings her sad tale to the list'ning twig,
 That dances at such joyful misery:
 Nor ever lets sweet rest invade her eye,
 But leaning on a thorn her dainty chest,
 For fear soft sleep shou'd steal into her breast,
 Expresses in her song, grief not to be express'd.

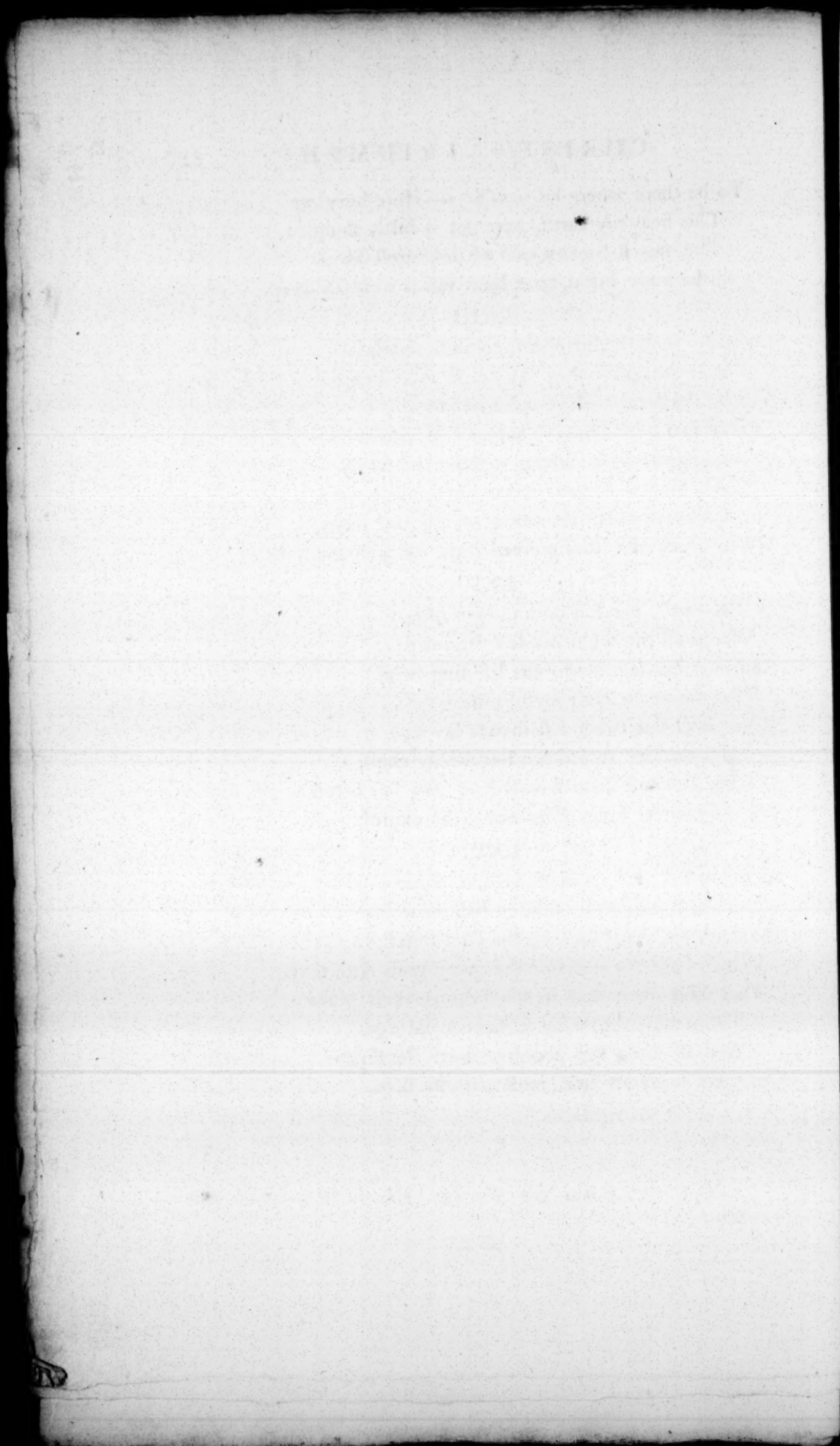
LXV.

So when the *Lark*, poor bird! afar espys
 Her yet unfeather'd children (whom to save
 She strives in vain) slain by the fatal fithes;
 Which from the meadow the green grafs doth shave;
 That their warm nest is now become their grave:
 The woful mother up to heaven springs,
 And all about her plaintive notes she flings;
 And their untimely fate, most pitifully sings.

^w The nightingale.

K

END OF PART III.



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PART IV.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH

AFTER DEATH.

I.

BUT^a now the second morning, from her bow'r,
Began to glisten with her beams; and now
The roses of the day began to flow'r
In th' eastern garden; for heav'n's smiling brow
Half insolent for joy began to show:
The early sun came lively dancing out,
And the glad lambs ran merrily about;
That heav'n and earth appear'd in triumph both to shout.

II.

The gladden'd spring, forgetful now to weep,
Began to blazon from her leafy bed;
The waking swallow broke her half year's sleep;
And every bush was deeply coloured
With violets:—the wood's late wintry head,
Wide flaming primroses, set all on fire;
And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds do quire.

^a Christ's triumph after death: 1st, in his resurrection, manifested by the effects of it in the creatures.

III.

Say earth, why hast thou gotten new attire,
 And stick'st thy garment full of daisies red?
 As if to some high thought thou didst aspire,
 And some new found out bridegroom meant'st to wed;
 Tell me ye trees so fresh apparelled,
 (Nor ever may the spiteful canker waste you;
 Nor ever may the heav'ns with lightning blast you)
 Why go you now so neatly dres'd, or whither haste you?

IV.

Answer me *Jordan*, why thy crooked tide,
 So often wanders from his nearest way;
 As tho' some other way thy stream wou'd glide,
 And fain salute the place where something lay?
 And you sweet birds, screen'd from the heat of day,
 Sit carolling, and piping grief away,
 The while the lambs to hear you, dance and play;
 Tell me sweet birds, what is it you so fain wou'd say?

V.

And thou fair spouse of earth, that every year
 Get'st such a num'rous issue of thy bride,
 How com'st thou hotter shin'st, and draw'st more near?
 Sure thou somewhere, some worthy sight hast spy'd,
 That in one place for joy thou can't abide:
 And you dead swallows that so swiftly now,
 Thro' the thin air your winged passage row,
 How cou'd new life into your frozen bodies flow?

VI.

Ye primroses, and purple violets,
 Tell me, why blaze ye from your leafy bed,
 And woo men's hands to pluck you from your sets,
 As tho' somewhere you wou'd be carried,

With

With fresh perfumes, and velvets garnished ?
But ah, I need not ask, 'tis surely so,
You all wou'd to the SAVIOUR's triumph go,
There wou'd ye all await, and humble homage do.

VII.

There shou'd the earth herself with garlands new,
And lovely flow'rs embellished adore ;
Such roses never in her garland grew ;
Such lilies never in her breast she wore ;
Like beauty never yet did shine before :
There shou'd the sun another SUN behold,
From whence himself borrows his locks of gold,
That kindle heav'n and earth, with beauties manifold.

VIII.

There might the violet and primrose sweet,
Beams of more lively, and more lovely grace,
Arising from their beds of incense, meet ;
There shou'd the swallow see new life embrace
Dead ashes ; and the grave unvail his face,
To let the living from his bowels creep,
Unable longer his own dead to keep :
There heav'n and earth, shou'd see their LORD awake from sleep.

IX.

Their LORD, before by others judg'd to die,
Now Judge of all himself ; before forsaken
Of all the world, that from his aid did fly,
Now by the faints into their armies taken ;
Before for an unworthy man mistaken,
Now worthy to be God confest ; before
With blasphemies by all the basest tore ;
Now worshipped by angels, that HIM low adore.

X.

So ^b long HE wander'd in our lower sphere,
 That heav'n began his cloudy stars despise;
 Half envious, to see on earth appear
 A greater LIGHT than flam'd in his own skies:
 At length it burst, whence instantly there flies
 A host of winged angels, swift as thought;
 That on their beaut'ous feathers, lively caught
 This glorious SUN; which to their azure fields they brought.

XI.

The rest, that yet amazed stood below,
 With eyes lift up, as greedy to be fed,
 And hands upheld, themselves to ground did throw:
 So when the *Trojan Boy* was ravished,
 As through th' *Idalian* woods they say he fled,
 His aged guardians stood all dismay'd;
 Some lest he shou'd have fallen back afraid;
 And some made hasty vows; some timely prayers said.

XII.

Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates,
And let the PRINCE of glory enter in!
 At whose high *Pæan* 'mongst sideral states,
 The sun did blush, the stars all dim were seen,
 When springing first from earth, he did begin
 To soar on angels wings.—*Then open hang*
Your crystal doors.—So all the chorus sang
 Of heav'nly birds, as to the skies they nimbly sprang.

XIII.

Hark! how the floods clap their applauding hands;
 The pleasant vallies singing for delight;
 And lofty mountains ^c dance about the lands;
 The while the fields, struck with the heav'nly light,

^b adly, In his ascension to heaven; whose joys are described.

^c Psal. cxiv. 4.

Set all their flow'rs a smiling at the sight;
 The trees laugh with their blossoms; and the sound
 Of the triumphant shouts of praise, that crown'd
 The LAMB of God! rising to heaven, hath passage found.

XIV.

Forth sprang the ancient *Patriarchs*, all in haste,
 To see the pow'rs of hell in triumph led,
 And with small stars a garland interlac'd
 Of olive leaves they bore, to crown HIS head,
 That was before with thorns so injured:
 After them flew the *Prophets*, brightly stol'd^d
 In shining lawn, with foldings manifold;
 Striking their ivory harps, all strung with chords of gold.

XV.

To which the *Saints* victorious carols sung;
 Ten thousand strike at once, that with the sound,
 The hollow vaults of heav'n for triumph rung:
 The *Cherubines* their music did confound
 With all the rest, and clapp'd their wings around:
 Down from their thrones the *Dominations* flow,
 And at his feet their crowns and sceptres throw;
 And all the *Princely Souls* fell on their faces low.

XVI.

Nor can the *Martyrs* wounds stay them behind,
 But out they rush amongst the heav'nly crowd,
 Seeking their heav'n, out of their heav'n to find;
 Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
 That the shrill noise broke through the starry cloud:
 And all the *Virgin* souls in white array,
 Came dancing forth, and making joyous play:
 So HIM they thus conduct unto the courts of day.

^d i. e. robed.

XVII.

XVII.

Now him they brought unto the realms of bliss,
 Where never war, nor wounds, await him more;
 For in that place abides eternal peace:
 Where many souls arrived long before,
 Whose lives were full of troubles great and fore^c;
 But now, estranged from all misery,
 As far as heav'n and hell asunder lie;
 And ev'ry joy is crown'd with immortality.

XVIII.

Gaze^f but upon the house, where man doth live,
 With flow'rs, and verdure to adorn his way:
 Where all the creatures due obedience give;
 The winds to sweep his chambers every day,
 And clouds that wash his rooms; the cieling gay
 With glitt'ring stars, that night's dark empire brave:
 If such an house, God to another gave,
 How shine those splendid courts, he for himself will have.

XIX.

And if a heavy cloud, opaque as night,
 In which the sun may seem embodied,
 Depur'd of all its dregs, we see so white,
 Burning in liquid gold his wat'ry head,
 Or round with ivory edges silvered:
 What lustre supereminent will HE
 Lighten on those, who shall his sunshine see,
 In that all glorious court, in which all glories be.

XX.

If but one sun with his diffusive fires,
 Can fill the stars, and the whole world with light,
 And joy, and life, into each heart inspires;
 And every faint shall shine in heav'n as bright

^c Psal. lxxi. 20. Rev. vii. 14.^f The beauty of the place.

As doth the sun in his transcendent might ;
 (As faith may well believe, what truth once says ^a)
 What shall so many suns united rays
 But dazzle all the eyes, that now in heav'n we praise ?

XXI.

Here let my LORD hang up his conq'ring lance,
 And bloody armour with late slaughter warm ;
 And looking down on his weak militants,
 Behold his faints amidst their hot alarm
 Hang all their golden hopes upon his arm ;
 And in this lower field when straying wide
 Through *Satan's* wiles, who wou'd their sails misguide,
 Anchor their fleshly ships fast in his wounded side.

XXII.

Here may the band, that now in triumph shines,
 And who (before they were invested thus)
 In earthly bodies carried heav'nly minds ;
 Pitch round about, in order glorious,
 Their sunny tents, and houses luminous :
 All their eternal day in songs employing ;
 Joy is their end, without end of their joying :
 While their ALMIGHTY PRINCE, destruction is destroying.

XXIII.

Full ^b, yet without satiety, of that
 Which whets, and quiets greedy appetite :
 Where never sun arose, nor ever set ;
 But one eternal day, and endless light,
 Gives time to those, whose time is infinite ;
 Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee ;
 Beholding HIM, whom never eye cou'd see,
 And magnifying HIM, who cannot greater be.

^a Matt. xiii. 43.^b The impletion of the appetite.

XXIV.

How can such joy as this want words to speak?
 And yet what words can speak such joy as this?
 Far from that world which would their quiet break,
 Here the glad souls the face of beauty kiss,
 With holy raptures on their seats of bliss;
 And drinking *Nectar* torrents, ever hold
 Their eyes on HIM, whose graces manifold,
 The more they do behold, the more they would behold.

XXV.

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes;
 They breathe sweet incense, which can never cloy,
 That on God's altar ever burning lies;
 Their hungry ears feed on the heav'nly voice
 Of angels, singing forth their untold joys;
 Their understandings, naked truth; their wills,
 The all, and self-sufficient goodness fills;
 That nothing here is wanting;—but the *want* of ills.

XXVI.

Noⁱ sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow;
 No bloodless malady empales the face;
 No age drops on their hairs his silver snow;
 No nakedness their bodies does embase;
 No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace;
 No fear of death the joy of life devours;
 No unchaste sleep their precious time deflow'rs;
 No loss, no grief, no change wait on their winged hours.

XXVII.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold;
 And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain;
 The infant wonders how he came so old;
 The old man how he came so young again;

ⁱ By the absence of all evil.

Still resting, tho' from sleep they still refrain;
 Where all are rich, and yet no gold they show;
 And all are kings, and yet no subjects know;
 All full, and yet no time on food do they bestow.

XXVIII.

For things that pass, are past; and in this field,
 The spring indefinite, no winter fears;
 The trees together fruit and blossoms yield;
 Th' unfading lily, leaves of silver bears,
 The crimson rose, a scarlet garment wears:
 And all of these on the saint's bodies grow,
 Not as they wont, on baser earth below.
 Three rivers here, of milk, and wine, and honey flow.

XXIX.

About ^k the holy city rolls a flood^l
 Of molten crystal, like a sea of glafs;
 On which bright stream a strong foundation stood,
 Of living diamonds the building was;
 That all things else, it wholly did surpass.
 Her streets, the stars, instead of stones did pave,
 And little pearls for dust, it seem'd to have,
 On which soft streaming manna like pure snow did wave,

XXX.

In ^m midst of this city celestial,
 Where the eternal temple shou'd have rose,
 Lighten'd th' idea beatificalⁿ,
 End and beginning of each thing that grows;
 Whose self no end, nor yet beginning knows;
 That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear,
 Yet sees, and hears, and is all eye, all ear,
 That no where is contain'd, and yet is ev'ry where.

^k By the possession of all good in the glory of the holy city.

^l Rev. xxii. 1.

^m In the beatifical vision of God,

ⁿ Rev. xxi. 22, 23.

XXXI.

Changer of all things, yet immutable;
 Before, and after all, the first and last;
 Who, moving all, is yet immovable;
 Great, without quantity; in whose forecast,
 Things past are present, things to come are past;
 Swift without motion; unto whose broad eye
 The hearts of wicked men all open lie,
 At once, absent and present to them, far and nigh.

XXXII.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light;
 No sweet content; or well-tim'd harmony;
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite;
 Or flow'ry odour, mixt with spicery;
 No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily:
 And yet it is a kind of inward feast;
 A harmony, that sounds within the breast;
 An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

XXXIII.

A heav'nly feast no hunger can consume;
 A light unseen, yet shines in ev'ry place;
 A sound no time can steal; a sweet perfume
 No winds can scatter; an entire embrace,
 That no satiety can e'er debase:
 Receiv'd into so high a favour, there
 The saints, with their compeers, whole worlds outwear;
 And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

XXXIV.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
 Whose loss, tho' great, is cause of greater gains;
 Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
 Spending your endless evening that remains,

Amongst

Amongst those white *Flocks*, and celestial *Trains*,
 That feed upon their SHEPHERD's eyes; and frame
 That heav'nly music of so wondrous fame,
 Pfalming aloud the holy honours of his NAME!

XXXV.

Had I a voice of steel to tune my song;
 Were every verse as smooth as smoothest glass;
 And every member turned to a tongue;
 And every tongue were made of sounding brass;
 Yet all that skill, and all this strength, alas!
 Shou'd it presume t'adorn (were misadvis'd)
 The place, where *David* hath new songs devis'd,
 As on his shining throne he sits emparadis'd.

XXXVI.

Most happy prince, whose eyes those stars behold,
 Treading ours under feet, now mayst thou pour
 That overflowing skill, wherewith of old
 Thou wont'st to smooth rough speech; now mayst thou show'r
 Fresh streams of praise upon that holy bow'r,
 Which well we heav'n call, not that it rolls,
 But that it is the heaven of our souls:
 Most happy prince, whose sight so heav'nly sight beholds!

XXXVII.

Ah, foolish *Shepherds*! who were wont t'esteem,
 Your God all rough, and shaggy-hair'd to be;
 And yet far wiser *Shepherds* than ye deem,
 For who so poor (tho' who so rich) as HE,
 When sojourning with us in low degree,
 He wash'd his flocks in *Jordan's* spotless tide;
 And that HIS dear remembrance might abide,
 Did to us come, and with us liv'd, and for us died.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

But now such lively colours did embeam
 His sparkling forehead; and such shining rays
 Kindled his flaming locks, that down did stream
 In curls along his neck, where sweetly plays
 (Singing his wounds of LOVE in sacred lays)
 His dearest SPOUSE, SPOUSE of the dearest LOVER,
 Knitting a thousand knots over and over,
 And dying still for love, but they her still recover.

XXXIX.

Fairest of FAIRS, that at HIS eyes doth dress
 Her glorious face; those eyes, from whence are shed
 Attractions infinite; where to express
 His LOVE, HIGH GOD! all heav'n as captive leads,
 And all the banners of his grace dispreads,
 And in those windows doth his arms englaze,
 And on those eyes, the angels all do gaze,
 And from those eyes, the lights of heav'n obtain their blaze.

XL.

But let the *Kentish* lad°, that lately taught
 His oaten reed the trumpet's silver sound,
 Young *Thyrifilis*; and for his music brought
 The willing spheres from heav'n, to lead around
 The dancing nymphs and swains, that sung, and crown'd
Ecleſta's hymen^p with ten thousand flow'rs
 Of choicest praise; and hung her heav'nly bow'rs
 With saffron garlands, dress'd for nuptial paramours.

XLI.

Let his shrill trumpet, with her silver blast,
 Of fair *Ecleſta*, and her spousal bed,
 Be the sweet pipe, and smooth encomiaſt:
 But my green muse, hiding her younger head,

• The author of the Purple Island.

• i. e. marriage.

Under old *Camus'* flaggy banks, that spread
Their willow locks abroad, and all the day
With their own watry shadows wanton play;
Dares not those high amours, and love-sick songs assay.

XLII.

Impotent words, weak lines, that strive in vain;
In vain, alas, to tell so heav'nly fight!
So heav'nly fight, as none can greater feign,
Feign what he can, that seems of greatest might:
Cou'd any yet compare with INFINITE?
Infinite sure those joys? my words but light;
LIGHT is the palace where she dwells.—O then, how bright!

F I N I S.



